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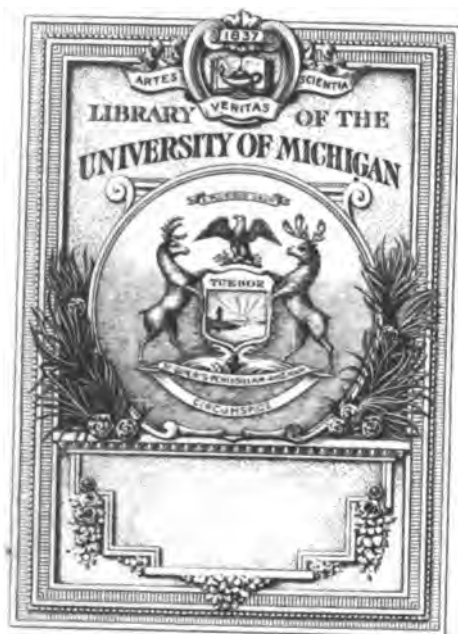
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GARDYNE'S

GARDEN OF GRAVE AND GODLIE FLOWERS:

SONNETS, ELEGIES, AND EPITAPHS.

Abbotsford Club, Edinburgh.
[Publications] [no. 26]

A GARDEN
OF
GRAVE AND GODLIE FLOWERS,

By ALEXANDER GARDYNE.

THE THEATRE OF SCOTISH KINGS,

By ALEXANDER GARDEN,

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

TOGETHER WITH

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

By JOHN LUNDIE,

PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE ABBOTSFORD CLUB.

M.DCCC.XLV.



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THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF

The Abbotsford Club

BY

JOSEPH WALTER KING EYTON.

ELGIN VILLA, LEAMINGTON,
September 1845.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

HAVING been requested by my friend, Mr. Eyton, to select and prepare for him, as his contribution to the ABBOTSFORD CLUB, a volume likely to be acceptable to the members, either from intrinsic merit, or eximious curiosity ; I have certainly accomplished the alternative, by presenting to them, in the following pages, a faithful reprint of two small poetical volumes, of which the one is quite *unique*, and the other of uncommon occurrence. At first sight—with some of my literary acquaintance—I conceived the two works, in consequence of a singular similarity of style, to have proceeded from the pen of one individual ; although a discrepancy in the spelling of their names appeared in the title pages. A closer examination may prove this primary supposition to be erroneous ; I have, however, kept them together, both from that aforesaid coincidence of style, and because their authors were at least cotemporaries and fellow townsmen.

The original of the first of these reprints—" *A Garden of Grave and Godlie Floures*," &c., is a small quarto, without pagination, signature M. 1. "Edinburgh, printed by Thomas Finlason, 1609," in the possession of Robert Pitcairn, Esq. It is the only copy known to exist, and has escaped the notice of every bibliographer, in like manner as its author has perished in oblivion. A MS. memorandum on the title and second

page, "Ex libris Gulielmi Gulde," indicates it to have been formerly in the library of Dr. William Guild, one of the ministers of Aberdeen, afterwards Principal of King's College there. This library he bequeathed to the University of St. Andrews.*

Of its author, nothing can with certainty be traced. The title merely states the "Garden" to have been "planted, polished, and perfected by Mr. Alexander Gardyne." I am disposed to the belief that he was an advocate of Aberdeen, 1st, from the dedication of his "lurid, sad, and Thanatik Theams" to the Lords of the Privy Council and College of Justice, and 2d, from the following lines to the memory of Bishop Forbes, signed as such, the style of which closely tallies with the inflated and barbarous crudities of the northern euphuism so strangely "perfected" in the "Garden." The difference in the orthography of the names seems easily thereby reconciled.

SACRAT
TO THE IMMORTAL AND BLESSED ME-
MORIE OF THAT HONOURABLE AND
REVEREND FATHER
PATRICKE
LATE BISHOP OF ABERDENE, CHAN-
CELLAR AND RESTORER OF THE VNIVER-
SITIE THERE ;
ONE OF HIS MAJESTIE'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVIE
COUNSELL, &C.
*Who departed this present life upon
the 28 of March, 1635.*

* This sturdy Protestant was born at Aberdeen in 1586, and died in 1657. His works, chiefly controversial, are noticed in Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica*. Along with bequests to Marischal College, Aberdeen, and the College of Edinburgh, the collection of books which Guild left to St. Andrews was of considerable extent: "*Copiosam suam Bibliothecam*," says Smith in his "*Commemoratio Benefactorum Academæ Marischallanæ Abredonensis*," Aberd. 1702, 4to, pp. 31.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

xi

EPITAPH.

I.

You sacrad Swans, that in *Shiloah* swim,
And dip in Dew Divine your candid Quills ;
Which Great JEHOVAH, EL, and ELOHIM,
In Silver Showrs, and Lectean Streames, distills,
From Sacred *Sion*, and from *Hermon* Hills,
Lend me some lurid Lines, and wofull Verse,
To honour this most Honour-worthies Herse.

Whose Concave keepes, inclosed, and confynd,
The mortall Moold of a most matchlesse Man :
The Manor late of his immortall Mynd,
With all great gifts, and Graces, garnisht then,
Now in a Sege Cælestiall inshrynd :
Whose wondrous Worthinesse so playne appear'd,
That Wisdome wondred, and the World admir'd.

What Part perexcellent did anie Sperit,
Of his Condition, Qualitie, and Case,
Possesse, expresse, here practize, and inherite ;
But that this Great DIVINE, with wondrous Grace,
And Pow'r-perswading, proov'd in everie Place ?
Most evidentlie, exquisite, and wyse ;
Unparallell'd here PRELATE PATRICK lyes.

II.

OUR holie HELIE is inhumed heere ;
A pious Prelate, prudent, sans a Piere :
So soundlie sage, so solid, and sublime,
That Pennes vnpolisht never shall exprime.
So wyselie wyse, wrought with the Word Divine,
That Faculties profound can not define.
Perfectlie polisht in the precious parts,
Of all the humane, and the heavenlie Arts ;
That perfect did (if that Perfection can
Heere bee immured) in a mortall Man :
Who proov'd a Patterne to the Pastors all,
Conformlie that before the Altar fall,

PREFATORY REMARKS.

And doe divinellie worship (as the Word
 Clearlie commands) the Ever-living LORD,
 His Sentences so sage, so sweet, and calme,
 Flow'd from him flowantlie, like Floods of Balme
 His Proaves and his Pedigree, I passe,
 That honourable and ev'r vorthie was.
 Yet vnto them, and vnto all this Land,
 His Lyfe lent Light, and as a Starre did stand :
 Præshyning still, and with so solemne Show,
 That all the World his Christian carriage know.
 Vnto the poynt and period wherein
 His Soule ascended from this Sinke of Sinne :
 While sofflie breathing, from his Breast, his Breath,
 He slept sweetlie, as disdayning Death :
 And vith vs left an Ever-living Fame ;
 A notable Renowme, and Noble Name.

III.

PASCH-DAY the Sonne of Righteousnesse arose ;
 And Hee the day before his course did close,
 (T' attend the triumph of that Glorious Day,
 That all the Righteous should remember aye)
 His Soule ascending bove the chrystall Coome,
 While that its Reliques in this terren Tombe
 Here lyes, it there, aye *Haleluiah* singes,
 To magnifie the Mightie KING of Kinges ;
 And prostrate lowe, before the Mercies Throne,
 Duelie adores the TRINITY-TRINE-ONE :
 Enjoying, justified, the rich Reward
 To all the Pious promis'd, and prepar'd.
 A Guerdon Great, past Compasse, and Compare,
 For their blest Workes, that follow them vp there ;
 Where Peace and Pleasure have no period,
 But endlesse are, as th' Ever-living God :
 And where with Heavenly Hoasts of holy Saints,
 Hee ev'r and ev'r there *Haleluja* chants.

Mr. AL. Garden, ADVOCATE.*

* "Funerals of Bishop Forbes," 1635. P. 418.

Besides the above, there occurs in a small volume of MS. poems by John Lundie,—kindly communicated to me by Mr. David Laing, and which I have now, for the first time, printed at the end of this volume,—a special mention of our poet (!) responded to by him with accustomed elegance. Lundie says,

“On New Yeirs day I gave ane dictionar of 400 (*sic*) Languages to M. Al. Gardyn with this Inscription :

Vnto the father of the Muses songs
I give this treasure of four hundredth tonga.
A rair propyne, farr rairer he that gave it ;
But thryse more rair is he quho now must have it.”

“M. Al. Gardyne replys.

Amphýon-lyk that pinns Apollo’s harp,
And theron fynlie friddins flatt and sharpe ;
And thoue ane other Delius in our dayes,
Rich in conceptions rair, receave this prais,
That with thy Polyglot to me thoue gave,
It vas thyn oven and thoue thyn oven shall haue.”

To the same individual the following lines by John Leech or Leochæus evidently apply :

In Gardinium, carmen amatorium scribere rogantem, amantium nomina subticentur.

Quid sine nominibus, summis sine partibus, ignes,
Ut germinus germino pectore regnet amor,
Scribere me cogis ; cæcoque in amore morari :
Cæcaque tu cæci spicula ferre Dei ?
Nomina Tenariæ si nusquam nota puellæ,
Nulla foret formæ Tyndari cura tuæ.
Si neque Mæoniâ legeretur scripta papyro,
Dura foret nullis Icaris ulla procis.
Hæc mihi si dederis, tibi posteriora canentur.
Nam mihi prima latent : posteriora patent.
Dissimilis dominæ quantum es, proh Jupiter ! illi
Namque priora patent, posteriora latent.

Joannis Leochæi, Scoti, Musæ Priores, Epigram.
Lib. I. p. 9. Londini 1620, 8vo.

Some notes, elucidatory of the personages to whom Gardyne has addressed his poems, are given at the end of the "Garden." For these I am mainly indebted to my friend, Joseph Robertson, Esq., whose familiar acquaintance with the literary history of his native county is well known. Without his kind assistance, I should have found the "Garden" a complete labyrinth.

Scarcely so much as is known of Gardyne can be collected of his namesake, the author of the "Theatre of the Scottish Kings," which forms the second reprint in the present volume.

One "Alexander Gardenus" took his degree of Master of Arts in King's College, Aberdeen, in 1631. The Theses which he and his fellow graduates maintained are preserved in the library of Marischal College there. His name also occurs among those of the students of philosophy of that year, who dedicated an academical oration to Dr. Alexander Reid of London, a benefactor of the University. This oration was penned by John Lundie, above named. In 1635, another Alexander Garden appears as Regent of the College, and he, from the date, seems to be the Professor of Philosophy, and author of the "Theatre," as in that year the "Funerals of Bishop Forbes" were printed, in which work this epitaph by the Professor appears :

TUMULUS
REVERENDISSIMI
IN CHRISTO PATRIS,
PATRICII FORBESII,
ABREDONENSIS EPISCOPI,
SANCTIORIS CONCILII SCOTICANI SENATORIS,
UNIVERSITATIS ABRED. CANCELLARII,
DOMINI A CORSE, &c.

Conditur hoc Tumulo, famâ super Æthera notus
FORBESIUS, sacri gloria prima chori.
Conditur hoc Tumulo, plenus gravitate serena
Vultus, et insignis cum gravitate lepos.
Nobilitate potius, lingua, calamoque disertus,
Mente sagax, dextra fortis, et usque pius.

Terror erat Latiae turbæ, quam fulmine vocis
 Pressit; ut invictus Relligionis Atlas.
 Nunc pretium pietatis habet, nunc aurea Cœli
 Templa tenens, CHRISTO carmina læta canit.
 Quam sacer hic locus est! quanto dignatus honore!
 Qui meruit tanti PRÆSULIS exuvias.

AL. GARDENUS,
 Philosophiæ Professor, in Acad. Regia Abred.*

The original MS. of the "Theatre" is in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. It has been carefully collated with the printed copy, but no difference subsists between them. Even the blank, sought to be supplied, on page 49, is in the MS.

From the following quotation it would appear that Garden was author of another work. But his "Scottish Worthies" belongs to the *Bibliotheca Abscondita et deperdita* of our ancestors. No copy of it is known.

"Sir James Lawson of Humble was served heir to his father, March 4, 1607, as says the Chancellery Records; and Alexander Garden, in his Scottish Worthies, says, he was a Gentleman of his Majesty's Chamber, a gallant youth in the way of honour, but was unfortunately drowned beside Aberdeen, in a standing lake, called the Old Water-gang, riding over rashly, not having knowledge of the ground. This happened *anno* 1612; upon which accident the fore-cited Mr. Garden composed the following poem:

Whose mind's so marbled, and his heart so hard,
 And who of steel whose stomachs are so strong,
 That would not, when this huge mishap was heard,
 To th' utmost note of sorrow set their song:
 And elevate their voice and woes alone,
 The highest strain of any troubled tone.
 To see a gallant, with so great a grace,
 So suddenly unthought on, so o'rethrown,
 And so to perish in so poor a place,
 By too rash riding in a ground unknown.
 The flinty fates, that but all pity prove,
 Would both to mourn and miseration move.
 Yet shall this death the defunct not disgrace,
 Nor to his praise prove prejudicial,

* "Funerals of Bishop Forbes." P. 381.

Since men of greater rank have run like race,
 And lost by like misfortunate fate and fall :
 For Fergus, Dowgal, and King Donald, drown'd,
 And they all three Kings of this realm crown'd."

Nisbet's Heraldry, II. Appendix 93.

There is, in the possession of Mr. Laing, a manuscript containing "The Lyfe, Doeings, and Death of R. R. William Elphingstone, the 23 Bishope of Aberdene, translated (into Scottish verse) out of the Lives of the Bishopes of Aberdene, be Maister Hector Boes, be Alexr. Garden." This manuscript is in quarto, beautifully written, at Aberdeen, in the year 1619. It was formerly in the collection of old Robert Myln, and is apparently the original. A copy, in a similar hand, was purchased by Principal Lee, at the sale of Dr. Jamieson's library, in 1838.

From the resemblance which the autograph of this MS. bears to that of the "Theatre of Scottish Kings" in the Faculty Library—as well as the singular coincidence of style in the two compositions, it would appear that both proceeded from the same pen. I should therefore have availed myself of Mr. Laing's friendly permission to print it in the present volume, had not Mr. Innes intended to do so in the Appendix to the third volume of the Chartulary of Aberdeen; of which important publication two volumes have just appeared.

Of John Lundie, previously mentioned, and whose versicles, now first published, form the third and concluding portion of this volume, little also can be said. We merely find that John Lundie, "in Academia Regia Humaniorum Literarum Professor," (1634,) who, according to Charteris (*Catalogue of Scottish Writers*), "wrote very many poems and the comedie of the 12 Patriarchs in the Latine tongue," was the author of several other compositions. Besides the "Oratio Eucharistica et Encomiastica, In benevolos Vniversitatis Aberdonensis Benefactores, Fautores et Patrones. A Joanne Lundæo, Humaniorum Literarum Professore. Habita xxvii. Jul. 1631; Aberd. 1631, 4to,—he wrote the "Carmen dedicatorium in commendationem totius libri," viz. of Bishop Forbes' Funerals, in which volume are other verses from his pen, both in English and Latin. From the Epicedium, page 30, it appears

that his wife was a sister of Elizabeth Gardine, wife of Morrison of Bognore. See more regarding him in Gordon's History of Scots Affairs, I. p. 155, and in Baillie's Letters and Journals, I., 135, 169, (ed. Bann. Club).

"On the Latin poems of Lundie," says Dr. Irving, to whose kind revision of the proofs of them I am much indebted—"it may appear superfluous to offer any remarks. His diction is not always sufficiently pure. In p. 27 we meet with the word *justificetur*, which is rather ecclesiastical than classical; and its combination with a mythological allusion is somewhat incongruous:

Ne Bilbo in Stygia *justificetur* aqua.

Some of his verses are not ungracefully turned, but others are liable to obvious exceptions, nor has he always avoided false quantities. Thus, for example, in the same page occurs *dæmōn*. As the word is derived from *δαίμων*, its final syllable must always be long. In p. 34, *bimulus* is twice used, with its first syllable shortened:

Os humerosque tuis similis majoribus, annis
Dissimilis; *bimulum* mors inopina tulit.
Vix *bimulus* teneræ vixisti gloria turbæ
Donaciæ."

With regard to the structure of the whole of the preceding compositions, it need only be remarked that, for barbarity of style and pedantic simile, they stand unrivalled. Their only parallels are, the punctuation and orthography, which seem adapted for the poems and the poems for them. The question how they come to be so atrocious, can only be responded to, *more Scotico*, by another—viz. Could it have been possible *in rerum natura* to have made them worse?

To Mr. Robertson I have already expressed my obligations. I have now only to return thanks to Robert Pitcairn and David Laing, Esquires, for their liberal loan of the volume and manuscript respectively pertaining to them.

W. B. D. D. T.

EDINBURGH,
THE FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN,
1845.

Since the foregoing Prefatory Remarks were printed off, I have received the following communication from my friend Mr. Laing, to whom Scottish literature is so greatly beholden, and whose views are entitled to be received with every respect:—

SIGNET LIBRARY, 2d October 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,

After examining with some care the question regarding the authorship of "The Garden of Flowres," 1609, and of "The Theatre of the Scottish Kings," I can come to no other conclusion than to attribute both works to the elder ALEXANDER GARDYNE or GARDEN, Advocate in Aberdeen. Any confusion that has arisen on this point, seems to have proceeded upon a mistake of the editor of the latter work in 1709. On referring to the manuscript in the Advocates Library from which it was published, I find it affords no authority for ascribing the work to "Alexander Garden, Professor of Philosophy at Aberdeen;" neither is it "the original manuscript." As the work itself was probably commenced, if not completed, previously to the death of Prince Henry in 1612, but undoubtedly not later than 1625, in which year the manuscript was transcribed,* some positive evidence is surely required before we should ascribe such a laboured production to a youth who, as it appears, had not finished his academical studies till 1631.

ALEXANDER GARDEN, who became a member of the Faculty of Advocates in Aberdeen, may have been connected with the Gardens of Banchory, and we may place his birth between the years 1585 and 1590. His designation of "Mr." shews that he had taken the degree of A.M. before 1609. "The Garden of Flowres" in that year, was no doubt his earliest performance. "The Theatre of Scottish Kings," completed between 1612 and 1625, was apparently followed by his "Theatre of Scottish Worthies." As this work must have contained some interesting notices of the author's contemporaries, the

* At p. 71, King James VI. is mentioned as still reigning. He died on the 27th of March 1625.

hope may be expressed that the MS. from which the quotation you have given at p. xv., from Nisbet, is still in existence. Garden's metrical version of Bishop Elphinstone's *Life*, from the Latin of Hector Boece, bears the date of 1619.

In 1615, Garden, along with Drummond of Hawthornden, John Wrey, Mr. Robert Gordone, and William Tod,* furnished complimentary verses prefixed to a little volume,† (by the author of "*The Famous Historie of the renowned and valiant Prince ROBERT, surnamed the BRUCE, King of Scotland,*") which was printed in Holland, under this title, "*The First booke of the famous Historye of PENARDO and LAISSA, other ways callid the warres of Love and Ambitione. Doone in Heroik verse, by PATRIK GORDON. Printed at Dort, by George Waters, 1615,*" small 8vo.

To the Author.

Th' enthusiasme, or furie of thy spreit.
 A grace both great, and dignitie deim'd divyne :
 So fluentlie, into thy front does fleit,
 Whill all the world admeirs both the [e] and thyne.
 Each word has weght, and full of lyfe each lyne :
 Quick thy concept, emphaticall thy phraise.
 Thy numbers just, judicious thy ingyne.
 O thou, the new adorning of our dayes,
 Whoes pen or pinsell shall depaint thy praise,
 Since Maro nought, nor the Meonian muse,
 Be with their learned, nor their lively layes,
 Into this wondrous worthie work to use.
 Then tak this task, and tune thy trump vnto it.
 For onlie thou art destinat to doe it.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDINE.

* It was evidently William Tod, and not William Turing, as suggested at p. 3 in the Notes, who was the writer of the "Encomiastic poesy" signed W. T., addressed to Garden in 1609.

† This volume is styled by Pinkerton, "rare to excess." His copy, which was purchased by Mr. Heber for £21, is now in the possession of Mr. Miller of Craigtentny. A second copy belongs to Dr. Keith, Edinburgh, to whose kindness I am indebted for the use of it.

In like manner, in 1622, Garden addressed the following stanzas to **ABBAKUK BISSET**, who had then prepared for the press, "The Rolment of Courtis, contenand the auldest Lawis, Actis, Statutis, Constitutionis, and Antiquities of His Majestie's native and maist ancient Realme of Scotland, &c." Similar verses are prefixed to this unpublished farrago, by Garden's friends, **Mr. William Barclay**, **John Wrrey**, **J. C[hisholm of Cromlix knight,]** **Mr. Alexander Craig [of Rosecraig,]** and **Patrick Mackenzie**. The original MS. is in the Advocates Library, marked **A. 2. 27. (25 . 5 . 4.)**

How sone the subject of thy Booke is sene,
And purpose of thy penne, and panes ar spyid :
The store and treasure that it dois contene,
Will make thy virtues worthely envyid :
Zea woundred at, for the' vnexpected worthe
Of suche a worke so in thyne aige set foorth.

Thy computationis, kyth and do declaire,
To manifest our Monuments thy mynde,
And as thow aymes, thow prooves into thame thair
How mony Kingis (for to decoir inclynde
Religione, in this land) of old erected
Great monumentis, vndone now and dejected.

Thy travelis taine, and laboris on our Lawes,
The Civill, Sea-Lawis, and Churche Statutis too,
This thy sedulitie, and searching shawes,
And what great good, and what great glorie thow
Thereby : and this thy cuntrie both shall gain,
By this thy profit full expensive pain.

M. AL. GARDEN.*

Another addition to Garden's verses is contained in a rare volume, "EPITAPHS vpon the vntymelie death of that hopefull, learned, and religious youth, **Mr. VVILLIAM MICHEL**, (sonne to a reverend Pastor, **Mr. Thomas Michel**, Parson of Turreff, and Minister of the Gospel

* In the MS. these verses occur twice, the first copy which is deleted differing in some slight particulars.

there,) who departed this lyfe the 6 of Ianuarie 1634, in the 24 yeare of his age.—*Aberdoniæ, Imprimebat Edwardus Rabanus, 1634.*" 4to.*

To the Pious Rememberance of a well-disposed and hopefull Youth,
M. WILLIAM MICHEL.

This little corner'd Caue, this quadrate Stone,
Contaynes, and covers heere, a Youth expir'd ;
Whose Gifts and growing Graces, everie one,
For multitude and magnitude, admir'd.
Entring to act, but on the Stage presented,
By Death's envye, and violence, prevented.

All you that Litrate Youths, and Learning loue ;
And you that Vertue cherish and effect :
You that pure Zeale, and Pietie, approue,
And hopefull partes in springing yeares respect :
Spend spaits of Teares for his vntymelie Fall,
Who had, in grosse, these Gifts and Graces all.

And you his Fellow-Students and his Phieres,
Put to your helping-handes to grace his Graue ;
Whose knowledge ritch, farre over-reacht his yeares ;
And manie Grounds of its great Greatnesse gaue,
Perspicuous proofs of his most precious partes,
And in-sight in the Tongues, and Liberall Artes.

AL. GARDEN.

As connected with the author's personal history, it may be noticed that "MR. ALEXANDER GARDYNE" was one of sixteen "ordinar advocates and procurators of this Judicatorie,—who have been in use to procur in all causes," and who, in consequence of some new regulations, appeared before the Sheriff-Principal of Aberdeen, on the 2d of October 1633, and were duly recognized and sworn "to continue as members and ordinar advocates and procurators of this seat."†

* Only two copies of this volume, hitherto undescribed, are known to be preserved. It is curious in other respects, as containing two sets of verses, in Latin, by the celebrated poet, Dr. Arthur Johnstone, each of them "Englished by the Author."

† Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, vol. ii. p. 166.

ALEXANDER GARDEN, who became one of the four Regents or Professors of Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, was probably the son of the Advocate. As stated at p. xiv. of your Prefatory Remarks, he took his degree of A.M. in 1631, and was admitted a Regent in King's College in 1635, in which year he contributed the Latin epitaph on Bishop Forbes. There is no reason to doubt it was to him that Professor Lundie* addressed his verses. He had been his pupil, and afterwards became one of his colleagues.† On the 29th of October 1643, Garden and Lundie, along with the Principal and other Professors in that University subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant, in the church of St. Machars, or Old Aberdeen.‡

In conclusion, I have only to add, that having some years ago made a partial collation of "The Theatre of the Scottish Kings" with the MS., it appeared the editor, for some reason, chose to omit various commendatory verses addressed to the author. They are too curious to be omitted in your republication, and I accordingly enclose the transcript which I had inserted in my copy of the printed edition.—Yours, &c.

D. LAING.

To WILLIAM TURNBULL, Esq.,
Advocate.

* JOHN LUNDIE was elected a Regent in King's College, 1626. In 1631 he was advanced to be Professor of Humanity, and he held this situation probably till his death in 1656 or 1657. His descendants, I believe, for several generations, became ministers in the Church of Scotland. The late Rev. Robert Lundie, minister of Kelso (1807 to 1832,) informed me that the Professor was his ancestor; and he was anxious to possess a copy of Bishop Forbes's Funerals, on account of the verses by him which it contains. At that time, the MS. Poems, now first printed, were unknown. Among the Epitaphs upon William Michell, in 1634, are 28 lines signed "Io. LONDINE."

† Garden's name stands at the head of the list of twelve students, (*Duodecim Universitatis Aberdonensis Alumni Philosophiæ Studiosi*;) who had taken their degree of A.M. in July 1631, under the regency of Lundie; and in whose name was delivered an Oration, which is subjoined to the "Oratio Eucharistica, &c. A JOANNE LUNDÆO, Humaniorum Literarum Professore. Aberdoniis, 1631," 4to.

‡ Spalding's History of the Troubles, Bannatyne Club edit., vol. ii. p. 165.

“THE THEATRE OF THE SCOTISH KINGS,” 4to, 59 leaves, MS., in the Advocates Library, A. 5. 10. (19. 3. 7.) “Ex Dono Magistri Simonis Mackenzie, de Allangrange, Anno 1709.” It is evidently not in Garden’s hand, but was transcribed in 1625, as it mentions James the First of England, as then alive. The edition of this work, printed by James Watson, Edinburgh, 1709, 4to, is a very accurate copy of the MS. except in one respect, that the Editor has omitted the following commendatory verses.

(1.) “*To Al. Garden, Author of the Theatre of the Scottish Kinges.*”

Glaide may the Ghost, &c.—6 lines.

In the MS. the author’s name is subjoined, viz.—W. BARCLAY, M.D.

(2.) *To A. G., Author of the Theatre of the Scottish Kinges.*

O that such worth the Worlde suld wrong it so,
O that this Age sould harbour such a sperit :
Whan vant (vile vant) suld virtue over-thro,
And Mammon mont, without respect to merit :
Whill from the Graves of Heroes old zow raise
There sleeping fam’s, againe t’adorne thir dayes.

Bot O allace, Sweit Freinde, who sews to Thee,
For these rich Reliques, that themselves adorne :
None striwes at all worth Thy past pains, to be,
Death hes devoir’d, and Time such worth outvorne :
Yit ane, I hope, once shall respect Thy paines,
On whome the minde of former worth remains.

PA. GORDON.

(3.) *To Al. G., Author of the Theatre of the Scottish Kinges.*

Those Artists rair, who wrought Mausolus Tombe,
Whose excellens made all the Earth admeir :

O'r matched now, must in their Art succumbe,
 And frome the top of hiest praise retein ;
 And giue Thee place, who heir detombed brings
 Fyve scoir and sixe monarching Scottish Kings.

Thy Theatre exceeds their Tombe, in three
 Which giue wnto things framed, fame and glorie,
 In mater, forme, and in the end ; we see
 With these thow toils, in Tym's wnsponsored storie :
 Thy mater Kings, heroique vers thy fram,
 Thy end, men's myndes, with virtu's lowe t'inflame.

A point most rair, zit crouns Thy work with prais,
 With judgement deepe, which is set doune be thee,
 For marking weill, the humour in our dayes,
 Whairwith all Princes most possessed be :
 Thow maks thair peers, in speaking Portraits show,
 What Flatric base, protestis, they should not know.

J. WREY.

(4.) *To A. G., Author of the Theatre of the Scottish Kinges.*

Braue Pedaret, pretended to haue bene,
 First Senator, and cheefe in Sparta chosen :
 When Rols were red, yit was his Name onsene,
 He fund his friendis, in their affectiounes frozen :
 Yea, when hee thought his dooingis shuld decore him,
 He fund Three hundred Spartans plac'd before him.

Yit wes he glaide, to sie the Citie flourish,
 Thought many many, wer prefer'd to him :
 So when I sie the sacred Nymphs doo nowrish
 Thy spirit braue, (thogh whilst I sink, thow swim,)
 I greatlie joy, and Thow may'st greatlie glorie,
 In litill bounds, to bind so large a storie.

AL. CRAIGE.

(5.) *To A. G., Author of the Theatre of the Scottish Kinges.*

I reide of King Ahasuerus command,
 That none oncald in space of mony dayes,

Durst haunt his court, and suche as did gainstand,
 Were damn'd to deathe, bot godlie Esther pray's :
 That schee for plaintees, Mordecai might pleid,
 Hir faworit, and Jew's, who stooode in dreid.

To many moir, then to Ahasuerus heir,
 And mightier, nor hee, a hundreth syse :
 Thow hes approachit, expelling childish feir,
 Yit in that marche, hes showne thy selfe so wyis :
 That Ester lyke, whill non saue on, thair mace
 Dar twiche, Thow cumis, and saiffie goes in peace.

[MR. JA. KEYTH.]*

* In the MS. the signature to these verses is nearly cut away by the binder, but the tops of the letters still remaining seem to indicate this name. "Mr. James Keyth" appears at pages 398 and 423, as a contributor of English and Latin verses to Bishop Forbes's Funerals, in 1635.



A
GARDEN OF
GRAVE AND

GODLIE FLOVVRES:

SONETS, ELEGIES, AND
EPITAPHS.

Planted, polished, and perfected

By

M^r. ALEXANDER GARDYNE.

Et sacer & magnus Vatum labor.



EDINBURGH

Printed by THOMAS FINLASON. 1609.

With Licence.



TO
THE MOST NOBLE LORDS
OF HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

His most honorable Privie Council,
and Colledge of Iustice.

M*ost powerfull Peers, cheef Pillers of
th'Empire,
Strong Pedestals, whereon the State does stay,
Ministring Mercur's, to the Sacrat Syre,
Our Joue Great JAMES and our Agustus ay:
Those lurid, sad, and those Thanatik Theams,
I consecrat to your most Noble Nam's.*

Your Lo. Most humble Orator

M. Alex. Gardyne.

TO
THE TRVELIE RELI-
GIOVS, RIGHT HONORABLE,
AND VERIE LEARNED ALEX-
ANDER GORDON of Clunie. S.

Looke for no liuely lyn's that may allure,
Or verse of worth, that will provok to view,
They want all pow'r Poetick to procure,
And frame a louely liking vnto You,
My minor Muse, no neu'r a draught she drew,
From Helicon, or Aganippe well,
Bot ever still a lower flight she flew,
Nor Pindus hight, where Delius does dwell :
No such a friendlie fortune Her befell,
For to be plunged in Parnassus springs,
Or see the Sisters in their Sacrat Cell,
Whence Poets all, their braue inventions brings :
Bot she her grouth got in Garden whair,
Nor Pallas, nor Apollo doeth Repair.

2.

THat gallant *Greeke*, cognominate the Grand,
 Who sometime All the Mundane *Monarchie*,
 By Martiall might did conquesse and command,
 Voutchafed with a louelie looking eie:
 Als well to view, and with desire did see,
 An halting *Vulcan*, as an *Venus* fair,
 His Royall Father *Philip* likewise Hee
 To take (tho a Potentat) did not spair,
 (A Grace J grant in such a Roy bot rair,
 And from a Pefant, in a publi& place)
 A Globe of Graips, and what I mark was mair,
 He tooke them friendlie but a frowning face:
 Swa if this small (*Sir*) you fhall accept alfo,
 You fhall make vp a ternarie of two.

3.

THE *Perseans* kept a custome with their King,
 To giue him gifts, mean, or magnificent;
 Amongs thofe One, did for Oblation bring,
 A water Coup, and did his *Prince* present:
 He gracious Lord, as it had excellent,
 And Royall bene, respected the Propine,
 As if there had bene from fome Sengzeour sent,
 A Jemme or Jewell, of the Iles of Inde,
 Remarking much the meaning, and the minde
 Affected well, he in that fellow fand,
 More nor the worth, the qualitie and kinde,
 Of that he held into his Hienes hand:
 Then Gracious more, proue nor the *Perfian* Kings,
 That made fo much of light and little things.

Bot

4.

Bot *Sir*, if to, my will, or to your Worth,
My worthles verse they war equivalent;
J should not feare, to send them freely forth,
To byd the Braish, of each Arbitriment,
Yet if my trauels taine can but content.
And moue thy minde, my labors to allow,
My paines Jmploid, are profitably spent,
Jf that they bot, doe help to honour you,
Bot had I borne, the *Bayes* aboue my Brow,
Or beene cirounded with the *Laurell greene*,
I should more largely notafie it now
How much t'augment thy Greatnes, J am ge'ine,
And make the world and this Se-circled Ile,
Amazd t'admire, *Thee* in moir stately fyle.

Aberden the 25 of August. 1609.

Your Hon. bounden and deuoted,

Mr. Alex. Gardyne,

To



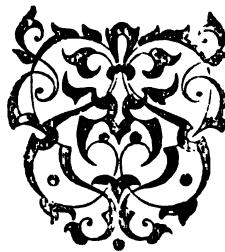
TO THE DISCRET READER.

I Publish nought, nor put I to the Presse,
Thir Poesies, to purchase me an praise,
Nor, is my drift, nor my deuise to dresse,
Elabrat lines, vpon Respects to raise,
And mount my Muse, vpon the front of Fame,
To get me Gaine, or eternize my Name.

Nor do I on, self-confidence or skill,
For price, or place, presumptuously aspyre,
My meaning much, you doe mistake: my will,
Is to get done, my Distitchs last desire,
Slip all the smooth, sleik what you see vnfound,
Help whair they halt, Abreage when they abound.

Thine if you merit,

Alex. Gardyne.



CERTAIN ENCOMIASTICK POE-
fies to the Author.

I Seeme like *Cynthia* while thou shines I sweare,
I am mistun'd whairas Thou sweetely sings,
And barren too, whair Thou begins to beare,
Whose Rustick Muse bot Bastard brats forth brings:
Yet what I can, Ile doe it in thy fight,
Wart but to len, a luster to thy light.

I will not prease, to prattle of thy praise,
Thy worke bears witnesse of thy wondrous worth,
Bot while I liue and when I end my daies
J must intreat thy fauour this farre forth:
About thy *Garden* place me neere hand by,
That J may smell thy floures whair eu'r J lye.

So shall I rest contented Jn thy fauor,
Grac'd, while J grow, In such a glorious Ground,
Whair Vertue, Wit, and worth so sweetly fauour,
Whair Eloquence and Art so much Abound:
Whair I shall proue part of thy sweet Reposes,
Surpassing sugred Myrrh and musced Roses.

Anonimos.

AS Beautie still desires to be in sight,
Of saddest Sable and mishapen Statues,
The more to grace thair admirable light,
By the default of such deformed Creatures:
As *Cynthia* be day can giue no glance
While bright *Apollo* showes his Radiance.

So gracious *Gardyne* wonder of thy Age,
Thou gains a world of praise for euerie verse,

Thy

Thy Countries honour thus thou does egraigne,
All Nations thy, Inventions fall rehearse:
Poore pettie Poems now your heads goe hide,
While greater light here stains your glistering pride.

Ane light that shewes be shining euery whair,
What lamps are lost in *British* learned brains,
For lack of Patrons to maintain the rair,
And royall spirits that the Earth retaines:
Liue *Gardine* then, and loue thy *Patron* best.
He praise you both, and pray for all the rest.

P. G.

With *Pyramids*, of Poliz'd *Porphir* proud,
Great *Princes* Tombs, are beautified we see,
And with the gold of *Ophyr* fortunes Good,
Their palaces stand poynting at the skie:
Thus while they liue their glorie they maintaine,
Thus while they die, they make it liue againe.

Yet all that *life*, is bot a liuing *Death*,
And all this *death*, a dying *life*, and All,
Their Trains, and honours, that attend their breath,
Are but Rich marks, ye more to frame their fall,
And after life, that painted honours stone,
With flying *Time*, consumed is and done.

Liue than, that life, come not vnto decay,
And if it come, yet that it shall nought die,
Into this *Garden* gather vp thou may
How still thy Name, may still eternall be:
For be those fruites of *Alexanders* lore,
Thou dies in Vertue for to liue in Gloir.

M^r. W. Bar.

SONET.

TWO forts of men be bound to loue thy lyns,
Two forts therefore aught to proclame thy Praife,
Thir sev'ral forts, them selues shows and defines.
The *Dead*, and als the *Living* in their daies,
The *Dead* they should ascent to thy Assayes
Since by thy Lines, Refuffitat and sure,
Their *Fame* revived, and immortall stayes,
And by thy Deed, eternall shall indure.
The *Living* too, vnlesse they thee injure,
Into whose praise, thy *Poesies* thou pend,
Should in Thy Cause, at Criticks hands procure,
And spair no pains, thy *Fame* for to defend :
Wherefore I judge, (and iustlie) all ingins,
Aliue and *Dead*, be bound to loue thy lines.

GREENE *Garden* great, and gallant is thy glore,
And happie thou, that such a troupe contains,
A comelie Court, a rich and stable store,
Hem'd here within thy heavenlie hedge remains :
Great *Delius*, dishanting *Parnass* vses,
And with him all, these Maids admir'd the *Muses*.

That tripill Tryn haue here transferd their feat,
And here *Apollo* hes his Palion pitcht,
Whereby no *Wene*, *Invention* nor conceat,
Is not thy *Muse* attempted not, nor toucht :
Wherefore J think condinglie thou may clame
One leafe out of the *Lawrell* Diademe.

() a ()

Since

Since in thy Breast boyls those inspiring springs,
From whence does flow that liuelie liquor sweet :
Wherein Thou baths thy Virgin Muses wings,
And at thy pleasure in those fonts does fleet :
From whence thy Muse exceeding store extracts,
That through the Mundan Map thee famous maks.

W. T.

IN Good or Bad, the worke bewrays the Man,
And by the frute we clearlie know the Tree,
How cunning and, how great a *Gardner* than
Declares thy gallant *Garden* thee to bee ?
For therein thou maks blind and senses see,
Thy worthie worke, vnto my selfe a fight,
That stupefacts my sense, delud's my eie,
And yet it lens vnto my life a light :
For while with Reason I doe reckon Right,
And see such store doe from one stock Proceed,
Frutes fresh and fair, diverslie drest and dight,
Yet discrepant in sapor, shape and seed :
I must say then, thou by a thousand wayes,
Thy practise and Poetick powre displays.

Mr.

I. *Lest.*

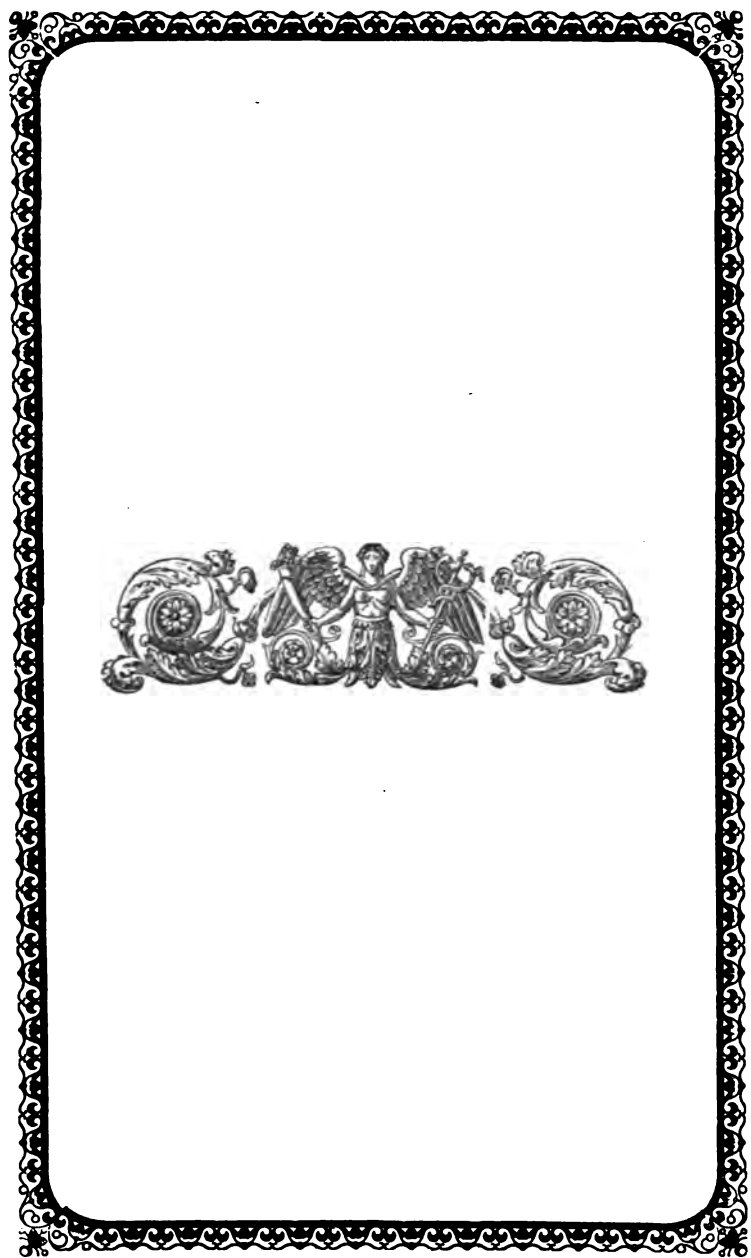
Whose

WHose pleasure is into his Paradise,
And *Adam* like his *Eden* hath advisd,
Relent thy course by *Gardens* graue advise,
Whose Muse divine this sweetest Subje& chusd,
Inspir'd hereby, he hes profoundly infusd,
Rare Recipies thy Soule for to renew,
Read with remorse, and rightlie if thou vse,
Thou shall rejoyce, that in our *Ground* there grew
A *Garden* whence springs *Cedars* to subdew:
Soule-killing foars resulting from thy fin,
Then wandring *worldling*, hold this in thy view,
Left if thou stray, thou enter not therein
This *Gardens*-flowrs: had *Alexander* seene,
His heart had not halfe so ambitious beene.

Alex. Ste.

HIS







VPON HIS MAJESTIES

Armes quartered.

WORD be thy boundles bountie from aboue,
 The *British* Great, long tripartited *Throne*,
 Vnited now, in pleasure, peace and loue,
 To thee and thine (*Great Iames*) shal *Al-be-on*
 Diftra&ions, greefs, and grudges all are gone,
Competitors, that preast thy *Crowns* to clame,
 Hes ceaf'd their futes, and leau's to thee *Alone*,
 The *Irish*, *French*, and th'*English* *Diademe*,
 Out of all doubt impertinent to them ;
 And be all *Laws* belonging vnto thee,
 As lo my sacred *Soveraigne* supreme,
 Behold here with thy Royall eies, and see
 The *Leopards*, and *Flowres* of France they bring
 The *Harpe*, to sport their Lord, thee *Lyon* King.

B

TO

TO
HIS SACRED
MAIESTIE PRO-
CLAIMED KING OF
Great Britane.

M Oft magnanime, and high imperiall Prince,
Whom *IOVA* iust, vndoubtedlie ordains,
In peace be *A*, fore-pointed providence,
Of *Al-be-on* all, to rule the royall rains,
The bloodie broyls, where but th'vngodlie gains,
Great *Iove*, sweete *Time*, and sacred *Soverain* you,
Haue broght to end, and everie strength constraains,
Before your feete, debased like to bow,
The threatning storms of bold *Bellonas* brow,
To pleasant peace long intertain'd shall turne,
As may be noted evidentlie now,
Whill all your bounds, with blasing bon-fires burne:
Amidst this mirth, and those triumphing things,
Giue G O D the glore, the *Creator* of Kings.



COON-

CONGRATVLATION
FOR HIS MAIE-
STIES DELIVERIE
FROM THE SVLPHVRIQVS

Treason in the Parliament house.

Sonet. 1.

Lift vp your hearts and hands vnto the *Lord*,
Applaud, giue praise, and with the Psalmist sing,
Vnto his *Maieslie* Mifericord,
For saif conseruing of thee *Soveraigne King* :
Giue glore to *God*, and thank him for this thing,
Laud we the *Lord*, with heavenlie hymns on hie,
That by that bloodie boutchrie did him bring :
Devisd for him with secret subtiltie.
Extend the *Truth*, tell this eternallie,
With mirrie minds conjun&lie all rejoies,
IEHOVA just, Almightye, magnifie,
That fred him from the furie of his foes.
Triumph and sing for this deliverance sweet,
Praise to the *Father, Sonne*, and holie *Sprit*.

Sonet 2.

IT is not flamm's of artificiall fir's,
That thou the *Lord* craves for a recompence :
Nor is it pompe ostentive thou requjr's,
For wondrous preservation of the *Prince*,
It is not Mundane vane magnificence,
Nor sliding show's, that momentarie bee,
Bot it is zeale, thanks, and obedience,
With gladnesse of the minde to glorifie,
Thee thee the *Lord*, that hes so lovinglie,
Even from a fore-decited death, out-drawn :
Thy servant that, finceirlie serveth *Thee*,
To cause on him, thy loue, and care, be knawne.
A paill of pray'r, not artificiall fir's,
The *Lord* for this, deliverance desir's.

TO



TO THE CITTIE OF ABERDEN

at the death of that excellent D.

DAVID *Bishop* of Aberd.

THE Prince of preaching Pastors in thir parts,
Thy *Archidoctor* dearest and divine ;
The light of learning in the liberall Arts,
Thy senior sage, in everie Science fine,
Thy faithful Father, and informer fine :
Thy dearest *David* in the Lord is lost,
Thy *Cypran Ambrose*, and thy *Augustine*,
The Earth for Heaven thy *Cunninghame* hes cost :
Whill as *Religion* with her lowd laments,
For his departure powreth out her plaints.

To *Church* and *King*, what detriment and skaith,
The breaths-abridging *Burrio* does bring :
Here in this death, is eminent to baith,
For lo the *Church*, a *Columnne* ; and the *King*
A *Consull* graue, inlaiks in everie thing
The people a *Platter* of their publi& pace,
Ane Symboll sure, and an assured signe,
Of some approaching perrell to the place :
Where he was wont divinlie to indite
The misteries of holie sacred write.

T H E

THE OPINION OF THE

worldlie estate of the honorable and learned M^r

Walter Steward *Principall of the Kings*

Colledge of Aberdon at his death.

Life, Lordships, friends, all ease and earthlie glore,
Pomp, Pleasure, Pride, Renown & worldly wealth,
Sprit, manhood, strength, estate, and treasures store,
Blood, beutie, clan, and honour here but health,
Like dying lamps into the longest night,
Are false deluding dainties but delight.

Preheminence, foveranitie, and place,
Great dignities, and tranfitorious joyes :
Promotions high, discents from royall race,
Time turnes to nought, *Death* alters and destroyes :
As water-bell's with little blasts are blowen,
So with lesse breaths they are againe ou'r-throwen.

Wit, learning, skill, sweet Eloquence and vene,
Jn faculties, intelligence profound :
Soliditie, and quicknes of the braine,
And in all Earthlie blessings to abound :
Are alway vaine, and foolishnes in fine,
Without that *Wisdome* heavenlie and divine.

Men are not made for ever permanent,
In *Mein*, nor *Monarches* is no steadfast strength,
Men are no more, here bot a trau'ling tent,
And they shall leaue this lingring life at length :

Remoue

Remoue and wend out of this vail their wayes,
For they the part of posting Pilgrims playes.

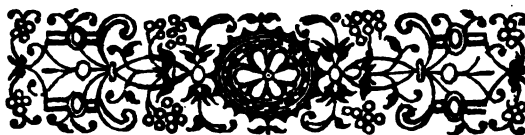
What they in their Inventiue braine haue bred,
Be means of their imagination vaine :
And with expence perfectlie haue exped,
By ill governing is disgrac'd againe :
And that which *Fame* and *Fortune* hieft bure,
Oft lies full lowe, inglorious and obscure.

Why do we then in fragill flesh confide,
And boldlie buildes our aspirance and trust ;
Since nothing breaths that here is borne to bide.
Of *Nothing* all, all vnto *Nothing* must :
Revert and turne, *Death* will in end devore,
And flesh transchange to filth, as a before.

Disdaine those base and lowest earthlie things,
Flie through the skies vnto his burning throne ;
Whose blessed fight to the beholders brings
(Be meere affection, and his loue alone :)
Those sacred, holie, benefits and blest,
Peace, wealth and ease, content and quiet rest.

Abandon then those all alluring baits,
Which to the *Soule* frams ruine and decay ;
Be not infected with those frivole fraits,
That are in heavenlie happines a stay :
So in the earth your Names shall be renownd,
And in the heavens with Christ coheird & crownd.

Non



Non est mortale quod opto.

Not mortal, no, nor earthlie is my aime,
Nor point's it to, great *Powers* or empir's
To *Favours* fraill, nor to officious *Fame*,
Nor is it sworn, to sensuall desires ;
Nor wold I wish what worldlings covet most,
Glore got with ease, and with lesse labor lost.

No tracking trash, nor transitorious things,
Not *Mammons* muck, that Mundans most on muse ;
Impeds my Sprit, which still aspiring springs,
That onely and Eternal good, to chuse :
Which Spirits bad, nor Angels blest aboue,
Not in a point can alter, change, or moue.

No, bot it is that pure impassive *Spirit*,
That ere all time was, shall, and onely is :
Good, just and wise, immortall, infinit,
God all in all, all onely is my wishe :
For in the same exceffiuelie I shall,
Haue infinit, and what I wold haue, all.

TO

V P O N T H E H O N O R A B L E

the Laird of Tolquhon.

Attend, come view, behold here shall you see
 Into this graue, as in a stealed glasse,
 The suddaine change of men that mortall bee,
 Now men, now metamorphof'd in a masse,
 Now pail and wan, that even now vitall was,
 Now braue, now blyth, now bodie but a breath,
 Now flesh and blood, now are we dust and ashe,
 Now like to liue, now subject vnto death,
 Now fire is, now frozen hard our faith,
 Now faithfull friends, now false and fained foes,
 Now patient, now angrie full of wraith,
 Now filthie weid, now fragrant like the rose:
 Now pampred vp like painted pots are wee,
 And drosse againe, in twinkling of an eie.

2.

R*eligion* laiks out of this land a lampe,
 Thou *Publict-well* weep for thy member may,
 Thou *Vertue* wants the Captaine of thy camp,
 Thou *Countrey* him that did thee honour ay;
 You *Poore* haue lost, that seldome said you nay,
 You *Friends* your best, and onely permanent:
 Vnto you sex, the damage done this day,
 What pithie pen in paper can imprent,
Truth, Vertue, Friends, Well, Countrey, Poore, lament,
 His death to you that deutie did discharge,
 And wrought with wit and wisdome to invent,
 But others losse, your limits to inlarge:
 Then sex in one, come honour now his death,
 Aliue who to dishonour you was leath.

C

TO

To the Countrey where he lyes.

OF *Buchan* ground thou hes in graue thy glore,
And of thy *Lairds* the light within thee lyes :
Thou keeps his corps that best could thee decore,
And was be vote (amongst the wisest) wyfe,
Thou does depresse that cauld thee to arise,
And made thy Fame in everie Firth to flee,
His *Trophee* then Eternall maks thee twife,
First that thou bred one worthie such as hee,
Next that his bones should in thee buried bee ;
And though thou Earth, his earthlie joints enjoy,
Devised, made, and destinate to die,
Yet doubtles death dow never his deeds destroy :
For thought ye both do your deuour in this,
Fame and *Remembrance* shall amend your mis.

Prosop : to his living friends.

Cease mortall men, for me mourne ye no more,
You griue your God, and craibs him but a cause,
Ye follow fast, though that I go before,
Death for thee last, be course each of you knowes,
The daily dead you sure example showes,
You weep in vaine, your mourning Me dismaies,
Ye get no wrong, God sheares bot where he sow's :
Your childish plaints, your weaknes lo bewraies,
Think after Death what state stil for you staies,
Pray with *S. Paul* for dissolution fyne,
Think not by Death the better part decaies,
Bot think that death men worldlie maks divine :
The Scripture says, we shall dissolue, not die,
Then wait the houre, and mourne no more for mee.

Vpon

Vpon his deare friend M^r. A. M.

GIf losse of friends, if damage great, or skaith,
May moue to mourne, to waill or to lament :
The first I think the greatest of them baith,
Yneugh for me, and a fit argument,
Too much for those not toucht with such intent,
For friendes or Fortune, once to mone or moue,
To all I say, this is sufficient,
Agreing to all harmed Mens behoue,
Prick with the spur, and force of onfold loue,
To such a one as by a iust desert,
Sould longer liu'd, bot (weerds) I you reprove,
And curst be thou death with thy dreadfull dart :
That in the spring and prime time of his yeere,
Hath from his being broght him to his Beere.

Vpon the verteous and worthie Virgin Helen Chein.

INjurious *Death*, thy rage is but regarde,
No reason reuls where once thou gets a rest :
With reprobats the right reap's like rewarde,
The godles, good, the mein, and mightiest,
Thy dart to dust, does reddie bring the best,
And ay thou wretch, the worthiest invyes,
As on this *Maid* thou hes made manifest,
That here interd into this Temple lyes,
The wisest wight that Nature could devise,
Whose Fame thy force and furie shall confound,
When from each pen her praise proceed thou spies,
Then Death all shall, to thy disgrace redound :
And where she rests shall be inrold thy rage,
For marring her in morning of her age.

Vpon the honorable the Laird of Corff.

THe glorious Gods, ô seldome wonder strange,
Drest in their dule, convoied all with cair,
Wrath for thy wrack, all willing to revenge,
Thy wrong, down from the watrie voulded Air,
Hes left the Heavens, their habitations thair,
Thy dolent death to quite it, if they can :
The thundring *Ioue*, to magnifie thee mair,
Hes vou'd to venge vpon the Sprit's that span
Thy threid so thin ; the mightie *Mars*, say's than
The spoils of death shall grace the graue aboue,
In spight of death, in witnes that thou wan
Of all the *Gods*, the favour, grace, and loue.
Apollo last, laments thee with the laue,
And vow's t'ingraph thy glore aboue thy graue.

Vpon the honorable I. Irv. of Pet.

LIke as the *Date*, or filver plumed *Palme*,
That planted is vpon an open plaine,
But helpe of hedge, to keep it close and calme,
From v'olent winds, and from the rapping raine,
Does vpright rise, and leuell like a rash,
And blooming bears her frute, and flourish fresh.

So he that back, as to his mothers womb,
This quiet *Caverne*, and this filent *Cell*,
Returned is, into this terrene tombe,
Against those foes, the *World*, the *Deuill*, and *Hell* :
He stoutlie stroue throug force of faith & strength,
And *Iacob*-like, here Vi&or-lyes at lenth.

DIA-

DIALOG VPON THE DEATH OF

P. F. Baillie of Aberden.

CIVES.

Stay stranger thou, that so preceisslie spyes
With earnest eies, and on those Graues does gaze,
Look here below, where thou shalt see there lyes
Mater to make thee both to mourne and maze :
For yeares a youth, dead in his tender dayes,
Enrich'd with graces reasonable, and rare,
As thou shalt see all those lamenting layes,
And dulefull ditons cunninglie declare :
Then thou hes to dilat an other day,
Of such a man thou red into thy way.

PEREG.

The mourning of so many modest men,
The *Deads* deserts, does evidently showe,
And causeth all inquisitiue to ken
What was his worth, that here is layd so lowe,
Through dint of death, and destanies ov'rthrowe,
And what his parts were, by their plaints appears,
Which furelie seru's him for to sonnd to blow,
And put his praise in all the honests ears :
And for my selfe, J wolde enlarge the fame,
And forther eik a fether to his fame.

Brethring in brugh, and ye his brether borne,
And all that hes of his acquaintance bene :
Doe what ye can, his death for to adorne,
And mourne no more, it will not mend to mein,
Set forth the Fame of the defunct your friend :
Ye *Poets* kyth, your cunnings, craft, and can,

To

To cause his fame, still flourish, fresh, and greene,
And be your *Muse*, immortal make the man :
So zow's be Partner of the praise, and be,
Remembred both, and honoured as He.

Giue zit no partiall nor a sparing praise,
Pen onely that, that reason weelee, may craue,
It buits nought much, aboue all bounds to blaze,
Superfluous praises, graces not the Graue,
Rander the right, and let alone the leaue,
Extend the Truth, and surely so you shall,
Alot him all the honour he would haue,
Both in his life, and his last funerall :
Wouchaif to write, and lend him lin's thairfoir,
That be your means, he may liue euermoir.

Remors and sorrow for sinne.

Lord lend me light, for to lament my life,
And sharpe my sight, to sorrow for my sin ;
Restraine the furie, and the mortall strife,
Of spreit, and flesh, that I am entred in :
Permit me not, without recourse to rin,
Nor walk the waies, of the vnchastiz'd child,
Bot giue me grace, and grant me to begin,
For to refuse, the folies that defyld,
My sinfull soule, and all my senses fyld,
With shoues of wordly vanities, and welth,
And those inglorious glosis that begyld,
And did with hold, me from my heauenly health :
Lord be thy spreit, make me perceauue & spy-them,
And then renounce, and vtterly deny-them.

God

God grant me grace, for to digest my greif,
 And for the spreit, of patience I pray :
 Lord send my Soule, that long desir'd releif,
 And now conuert, my *Carioune* to clay ;
 Contra& the Time, Lord thraw the threid in twa,
 And let me murne my miseries no moir,
 Dislodge this life, and doe not long delay,
 To enter me, in Thy eternall gloir,
 Whair J may liue Thy louing face befoir,
 Thair with thy Sain&ts, vncessantly to sing,
 Thy perfect praise, and but all end adoir,
 Thy holy name, high Prophet, Preist, and King :
 Vntie my tongue, that I may sing, and say,
 O holy *God*, all holy, holy, ay.

Inuocation for seasonable weather.

O Puissant Prince, and King Cun&tipotent,
 Whose bodie rent, was on the rack, or Rude,
 For mans great good, O Lord thy selfe was shent,
 Of that intent, the *Deuill* to denude ;
 Vs to seclude, from that feirce fierie flood,
 Whilk reddie stood, to drink vp, and demain,
 That thou had then, boght with thy blissed blood,
 The heauenly foode, that fed thy *Isra'l* faine,
 Lord send againe, to Nurish vs thy awne,
 Since floods of Raine, down falls out from the Aer,
 That we despaire, to reape the fruites, and graine,
 Whairwith the plaine, is now ore'spread alwhair,
 My sute then Lord, with spreit deprest receaue,
 Grant J may haue, that heir I humbly craue.

Prayer

A PRAYER FOR THE ESTATE
of the Church.

O Lord that art the strength and steadfast rock,
Let thy out-stretched arme frie and defend,
That now in danger be, thy faithfull flock,
Which was, which is, and shall be to the end :
Cause now thy care vpon the Church be kend,
When Reprobats vprises to rebell,
And with their tricks and treasons does intend,
To wrest thy Word, thou di&at hes thy sell,
Thought of the trueth, no thing them selues can tell,
Bot boasts vs with the strength of strangers sword,
Apostat Papists, from all parts expell,
Or turne them truelie to avow thy word.
Imped their Platt's, their mintings make amisse,
That ought bot well to thy *Euangell* wisse.

Comfort for my innocent afflicted friend.

L Et not blasphemous barking beafts bereaue,
Nor causles thy accustom'd courage quail,
For giltles states the keenest courage craue,
And most does in aduersitie avall :
Though raging Rog's, without all reason rail,
And wicked wretches at thy worth envy,
Yet all their falsset in the fin shall fail,
When everie one thine innocence shall try :
To their eternall infamie and shame,
And to the lawd and honour of thy Name.
None bot the worthie are envyed worst,
And few traduc'd bot of the best estate,

The

The finest oft we finde vnfriendlie forst,
 And with the beaftlie borne at greateft hate ;
 Fooles onely at their Betters fortune frait,
 And fwels to fee their credit to encreffe,
 Their malice yet fhould not thy mind amait,
 Nor make thy priuat pleasures proue the Lefse :
 Bot rather moue thee mirthfull more to bee,
 And flout thy foolifh foes that frouns on thee.

A Paffion.

WHat greefe, what anguifh great,
 What black and bitter baill,
 So hurts and harmes my heauie heart,
 And never makes to haill ?
 What hudge miffortunes mee,
 Confounds, defaits, and foiles,
 What daft defire, like flamm's of fire,
 Within my bowels boyls ?
 What subtill flight defaits,
 What trains my *foule* to trap ?
 What wicked wiles my will invents,
 Me *wretch* in woe to wrap ?
 What lubrick pleasant fhoves,
 With falfe impoyfoned baits,
 My fond fantaftick fancie finds
 To fenfuall confaits ?
 What wylde corrupted thoughts,
 As from their rute and flock,
 Out of my heart, like armies hudge,
 About my braine doe flock ?
 What hundreth thoufand ill's,
 From that firft finfull feeds,

(. .)

D

Into

Into my minde immur'd alace,
 All bad abuses breeds?
 What willingnes to vice?
 What forwardnesse to fall?
 What promptnes to trespasse is nur-
 ced in my naturall?
 What readinesse to stray,
 What rage from right to rin,
 A beaftlie bygate to embrace,
 The sink of fhame and fin?
 What inward foolish force,
 What inclinations ill,
 Into my endlesse errors ay
 Makes me continue still? (··)
 Or what a madnesse is't,
 That but remorse or feare,
 I with my God almost, his *Word*
 And *will* reveild I weir.
 Who in his *Wisdome* hes
 All *Natures* made of naught,
 And ilk a *Creature* and *kind*,
 Their severall courses taught.
 The *Bodies* all aboue,
 The *spheir* and cirled *Heauen*,
 He maks rin restlesse round about,
 As violentlie drawen.
 The sure and solid *Ground*,
 Just placed lik a prick,
 In mids alike vnmoueable,
 Does still and stable stick.
 With both the sorts of *Seas*,
 Embrodered about,

That

That still does braise and beat their banks,
With many roar and rout.
He all about the Earth,
The Region of the Air,
Right properly appointed for
His Palace did prepare.
Although the Heaven of *Heavens*,
Most polished perfite,
His *Grace* and *Godhood* not contains,
Full glorious, and grite,
For in the *Earth* and *Deeps*,
And *Firmament* most fair,
His blessed *Spirit* and *Essence* is,
Ov'r all and everie-where.
He all and everie thing,
H'appointed hes and plac'd ;
And what his *Providence* perform'd,
Is nothing void nor waift.
The thrid and higheft *Heaven*,
Great *GOD* he did ordaine,
For *Angels*, and the blessed *Band*,
A mansion to remaine.
The subtle *Air* belowe,
And *Firmament* for *Fowles*,
The deadlie *Deepe*, and black *Abyss*,
For damned *sprits* and *soules*.
The fleeting finned *Fish*,
Fresh *Waters*, *Floods*, and *Seas* :
For savage, wilde, and bloody *Beastes*,
He planted *Parks* and *Trees*.
Yet of those all the vse,
As *Nature* taught, we ken.

He hes appointed for supplie,
And nurishment to men,
And sapentlie hes set,
In feason ilk a fort,
And all things as he thinks it good,
Provids for their support.
All formes of *Fishe* the *Floods*,
Her eating *Flesh* the *Field*,
All healthsome *Fowles* for foode, the *Air*,
He hes ordain'd to yeeld.
The *Glob* ætheriall,
And cloffe compacted *spheir*,
He peopled hes with lightsome lamps,
The streaming *starr's*, and cleir.
Some of those litler *Lights*,
But steiring steadfast stay,
And some their circled courses change,
And alter erring ay.
And such like *Hee* hes set
These ornaments amang,
That through the voulds of Cristall skyes,
Full gleglie glanfing gang.
Twa-glimfing golden *Globes*,
With bodies broad and bright,
The *Greater* for to guide the day,
The *Lesse* to rule the night.
The silver *Cynthia*,
Doeth both increffe and waine
Into a Month: and *Phæbus* course
A yeare concludes againe.
The twife two Elements,
And everie other thing;

Abers

Abers not by thair limit bounds,
Be th' All-creating *King*.
Bot onl'vnthankfull man
Tho to his vse alone,
Great good and gracious *God*, did all,
Befoir exprest, compone :
Zit all the Creatures,
That *He* hes made amang,
Man only know's the right, and zit,
Does walk awry, and wrang.

Fortis est falsam infamiam contemnere.

ALL they that loue, and liueth be the law,
And they that stur, hir statutes to trangres,
All they of *God*, that his commands do knaw,
Than leud *Reports*, they nothing compt of lessè,
All they in life, who puritie professe,
Than stand'ring tongues, they nothing more detest,
Wha seiks to smoir, while they the more increase,
The giltles *Fame*, the pure, and perfect best,
The *Scripture* shewes, the wiser sort, expreems,
Detraçting tongues, a vice vnworthieft,
Which God most vile, and odious esteems,
Of falls infamous lies, than think no mair,
Bot as words lost, and *Echoes* in the air.

Ane prayer for the faithfull.

O Lord whose force, and righteousness do reach,
From *Monarchies*, vnto the meifest Mote,
O Lord whose Regall staitlines does streach,
O're all not passing once the smallest iott,

O Lord that sau'd, vnloft thy feruant *Lot*,
 And for diftruff, ftrake vp his wife in ftone,
 O *Chrift* that cur'd, by touching of thy cott,
 The *blind*, the *lame*, and *all*, with greifs, begone,
 Look Lord, I pray, down from thy thundring throne,
 And view vs wratches with thy eies deuine,
 Guide vs with grace from danger eu'rie one,
 Whom thou elects, and chufes to be thine,
 Bliffe vs on Earth, and giue vs perfect pace,
 And in the Heauens fruition of thy face.

VPON THE REVEREND AND GOD-
 ly M. N.H. *Commiſſar of Aber.*

Here lies incloſde, within this Caue of clay,
 His bloodles bones that boldly did imbrace,
 In *Chrift*, the Truth, vnto his dying day,
 Whoſe like now few, are liueand left, alace,
 Pereit to Poize, with *pietie*, the place,
 That vpright *He*, did but a ſpot preferue,
 By guide gouerning, *godlines*, and *grace*,
 Which now to ſound, (that ſurely cannot ſwerue)
 Thy publi& praife, O happie *Soule* ſhall ſerue,
 Though *thou* be dead, and death thy droſſe, deuoir,
 Thy laud ſhall not, inlaik, that does deſerue,
 For to remain, jmmortall euermoir,
 Thy *Name*, by *Fame*, into this land ſhall liue,
 Though ſeaſons ſlide, it permanent ſhall priue.

DIA-

DIALOGVE VPON THE VERTVOVS
and Right honourable Sir *Thomas Gordon*
of *Chunie Knight*.

Interlo.

Resp.

Fame.

Pub. Weal.

W Hairflies thou *Fame*, so frantick-like, and fast?
What chance, or change? what may thy mur-
ning moue?

What grieus thee thus, how goes thou so agast,
What newes in *Earth*, what in the *Heavens* aboue?
Thou Tongue of *Time*, thou wingd-foote *Herold* stay,
T'impart th'employments vnto vs we pray.

Fame.

The force of my, Affaires and woes scarce can,
Permit a pause much-lesse to bide, and breath,
Bot wit *Thou* weelee, the *World* it wants a *Man*,
By the vntimous, Tyranie of death.

Whose worthines, to found out J am fend,
Vnto the *Heauen* and to the *Worlds* end.

Pub.

Whom haue J lost? *Fa.* A manfull member you,
That lou'd the *Lord*, and held *Religion* deere,
Alas remoued, and transported now,
From yow, the faithfull, that are fechtand here.

Vnto his *Home*, the high and stately *Heauen*,
That *God* vnto, the *glorified* hes giuen.

And

And hes thee left, as *Orphane* to bewaill,
And weept his want, with teares and tragick toone.
That from this wofull and this wratched vail,
His fhyning vertues *Sunne* hes fet fo foone,
By whose eclipsed and declined light,
This day is darke, like the *Cymmeriane* night. .

His fan&tified *Soule* celestiall,
From whence it came, to *God* againe is gone,
Vp to the higheft *heauen* imperiall,
Th'appointed Pallace of the *Lord*, where None,
Bot *Soules* of Saints, and blessed Angels be,
Elect to life, from all Eternitie.

His Name, Remembrance, and his Memorie,
The Earth vp to, the firmament, shall fill,
The mouth's of men, shall minister with me,
To caufe them vncorrupt continue still,
And grasse-like grow, great, glorious, and greene,
As if they were, substantially seene.

How greatly than, thou graced are, O graue,
(A feuen foote Cell,) made of the marble mold,
His knighted Corps, with honour thou shall haue,
Whose *Fame*, skarse can, the *viuerfall* hold,
Whairbe the *age*, fucceeding, this, shall see,
How rair a *Man*, heir buried lies, in Thee.

To his louing friends.

Profop.

YOU Honourable, Deere, and louing, *Friends*,
To whome God giues, his graces great, and guid,
Mark

Mark this Mort-head, and your enfewing ends,
 See how it stands, think some-time how it stood,
 Now bot bare *bones*, and hes *beines*, but their blood,
 No worldlie wit to *Kingdomes*, *Crowns*, nor *kin*,
 Brings with them *blessings* or *Beatitude*,
 Nor will they *Heauen* vnto the wicked win,
 All Earthlie pompe, if not diuod of *fin*,
 Shall turne to *this* wherein my bones are borne,
 A trimmed *Tomb*, with rotten waires within,
 Brought forth to day, and buried on the morne :
 Liue therefore *godlie*, *verteous*, *well* and *wise*,
 Such happieft, and onely blessed dies.

2.

GOD gaue to me of friends fufficient,
 Of worldlie *wit*, a reasonable ftore ;
 Of *Thefaure* too, vntill I was content,
 And *honour* here, yea, whill I crav'd no more :
 Yet all is nought, and bot a glosse of glore,
 Like the *Sol-sequium*, a fading flowre,
 That with the *Sun* does all the day decore
 The Gardens greene ; fine fetteth in an houre.
 Bot *Christ* my *King*, and Souls-sweet *Saviour*,
 My *comfort* is, my *honour*, *health*, and *all*,
 Everlasting *life*, and never tracking *treasure*,
 That permanent shall be perpetuall :

Leauethen deare *Friends*, *wealth* vanishing & vaine,
 Make *Christ* with me your *God*, your *goods*, your *gain*.

E

Ane

A strong Opiniator.

FOr *Fortunes* favour or her fead,
I nether eik nor pairs my trynde;
Though misreport of me be made,
I nether vex nor moue my minde:
For who to misreport pretend,
Dismakes their malice in the end.

I pance not on no present things,
Nor covets those that are to come:
I sturt not for *Cupido's* stings,
Nor am I driven to doe as some.
For privat pleasure to prescribe,
The day of death, or terme of liue.

I fash me not with *Court* effairs,
I sute not for a feat supream:
I am not cloy'd with *Countrey* cares,
Nor hunt I for renoune of Name:
For I finde sooth that wise men sayes,
Fame conquest soone, als soone decays.

To gather geare is good I grant,
Bot godlie nought therein to glorie:
Then some-time haue, and some-time want,
I for my selfe, I wolde no more:
It surfets oft, and seemeth fore,
To want, or to be still in store.

With faithfull *Friends* I doe not fash,
No ended bargane back I bring:

I waite

I waite me not in vaine to waite
The woeb J waite that wil not wring :
For folie is to enterprife
That not into my power lies.

J doe not hate no others hap.
And am content here with my owne :
I strue not to mount vp a flap,
To be two grees againe down-throwne.
Bot I employ me in that place,
Where glorie I gaine not, nor disgrace.

Th'vnpleasant *Proud* I plaine dispise,
From *Fooles* J flee as from my foes,
I loue and honour ay the wife,
And still I doe mislike of those,
As Sancts that bears a Sanct-like shew,
And yet in deed are no wayes so.

For doubtfull changes that may chance,
I nether glade, nor yet I grieue :
For hope of things that may advance,
I nether like to die nor liue
For worldlie thing is not can
One liue, once make an happie man.

For swelling rage of sorrowes shew's,
As vnassaulted sure I fitt :
And for vnconstant stormie shew's,
As fixed fast, I fetch no fitt :
So as a *Bulwark* on the strand,
Rebeating *Fortunes* bloes I stand.

For cumming storm's, I doe forecast,
Of greateſt ill's J chooſe the beſt :
J ſet no fail, I hew no maſt,
No vehement I know can leſt.
And as no Pilat vnexpert,
I view the *Compas* and the *Cart*.

For inſtant greefe, for gladneſſe gone,
Beleive J nether heat nor coole,
At all events I ſtill am one,
For ought J nether joy nor doole :
So both in peace and in debate,
J ſtill remaine in one eſtate.

Vpon the death of the honorable Ladie D. H. B. L. Effel.

The defun& La. to her living friends.

YOU yet that brukes this breath,
By birth who euer you bee ;
Diſcend down deeplie in your ſelfe,
Conſider, ſearch, and ſee
From whence thou came, when, how,
And whither thou muſt go,
What ſtrength thou 'hes, what ſtuf thou art,
Learne careleſſe man and kno.
Thou art but momentare,
And not immortall made,
Your fleſh thogh fair, it fragill is,
And like a flowre ſhall fade.
What is thy Idol wealth ?
What is eſtate or ſtrength ?

And

And what be these thy pleasures all.

Which thou shall leaue at length :

They are like shooting starres,

That make a shining shoe,

Or like to these straight running streams,

That but regresse doe goe.

All flesh is grasse, and grasse,

Be course it does decay,

So shall the glorie of the flesh,

Evainish once away.

Th'vnhappie Heire of Sin,

The *Sonne* of yre forlorne

And giltie banisht from thy blisse,

By *Nature* thou art borne,

(.:.)

O then whence springs thy Pride,

Conceau'd in Sin since ze,

Be borne in bail, in labour liues,

And out of doubt must die.

Vane is the trust in men,

Thar glorie vaine, and than.

Amongs all vanities, most vaine,

The vaineft Vaine, is Man.

When passing pleasures off,

This posting life most please,

Zit they, they passe, and fade, they flie,

And perish does all these.

To vermine ze convert,

From worms to dust ze doe.

Dissolue and all your pompe departs,

To Earth, and ashes too.

Bot O vaine glorious worrne,

In pleasure, pride, and pompe,

E 3

That

That liues thy life looke here below
To me a liewles lompe.
Wha while I plaid my part,
On the vnstable stage,
And in this wofull worldly vaile,
Pafte o're my pilgrimage,
My *Nature* fram'd me faire, (·:·)
My *Fortune* gaue me welth,
And many daies my gracious *God*,
With honour gaue me health,
Preferment, Pleasure, wit,
Contentment, and delight,
Thou wretched world saw me poffesse,
With folace in thy fight:
Yet honour, beautie, birth,
Riches, renowne, and rent,
Nor kingdomes can releiue the life,
When here hir fpace is fpent.
For Prince nor Peafant poore,
The Libertine, and flauie
The Monarch and the Mifer meine,
Shall all goe to the Graue.
Wit wordly, nor vaine welth,
Nobilitie, nor blood,
T'exeme the one day, from thy death,
Shall doubtles doe no good,
Th'ambitious hautie head?
What helps his honour him,
When dreidful *death*, that ghofly Groome
Leane, Meagre, Pale, and grimme,
Feirce, and inflexible,
To peirce him fhall appeare?

Shall

Shall lordships then prolong his life,
Or honour hold him heir?
No not one houre, although,
He did possesse all that,
Great *Cæsar*, *Cyrus*, *Salomon*,
With all their glory gat.
Inane, and futill was,
And like a floure, fast fled,
The pleasures all, that they posselt,
And honours which they had;
A *Sar'cine Saladine*,
Once *Emp'rour* of the East,
When death did him attach, and with,
That rigrous rod arrest,
Through *A/ksalon* sometime,
In *Palestine* a Towne,
That proud and pagane Potentat,
Cause carrie vp and downe,
Vpon his launce, his linning shirt,
And thus caufd crie: no moir,
Hes now deid *Saladine* of all,
His treasures, wealth, and stoir.
All pleasure so shall passe,
Gold treasure is but trash,
And as the *Sunne* dissolues the snow,
So wealth away does wash,
And what while we are here,
Seemes to the sense, most sweet,
Or best does please, it is nought but,
Vexation of the spreit,
This world then it is nought,
That onely worthy wairs?

That

That fild the Christian *Conscience* cloy,
Nor too much clag, with cares ?
No no that is it nought,
Since euery thing, and all,
That earthly is, shall haue an end,
And is but temporall,
Weell since this world within,
We no thing firme can finde,
And what this life, most large does len,
Shall all be left behind,
Goods, children, kin, and frends,
And which more deare, we loue,
Our life we leaue, theirs no remeid,
But from this Monde remoue.
Here honour keepes no hold,
Nor does delights indure,
Zone heauē, this Earth, the Aer, that Sea,
From shifting are not fure :
Nor no thing on the Earth,
(That helps to humane vse,)
From alteration quite exempe,
Did th' *All-Diune* produce.
For man, beaft, fish, and foule,
Plant, metall, stones, and Trees,
Once widders, wracks, once rots, or rufts,
Decayes, departs, or dies.
Than thou art madde O man,
Into those toyes to trust,
That temp'rall are, zea tranfitore :
And nought but droffe and duft.
Herefore what is but duft,
And what thou deems most deere.

This

This gaffie glore forget, and think
 On Heaven whill thou art here.
 There lay thy compt a Crowne
 To conquesse, and atchyue :
 Here throughlie think that there the life,
 Ay lasting thou must liue.
 Here guide thee so, at last
 To grow in grace, begin
 From hollow of thy heart, to hate
 Iniquitie and sin.
 Prepare provision here,
 And make thee in some measure,
 There onely there for to extract,
 A never tracking treasure.
 And there to dwell here must
 Th'endeuours be adrest ;
 Where ever, and perpetuallie
 Is pleasure, peace and rest.
 And where in full of joy's
 The iust and blessed byd's,
 But change beyond all date of day's,
 All termes, all times, and tyd's. (··)
 Where Mourning shall in Mirth,
 Losse be exchanged in Gaine ;
 And where Mortalitie refind,
 Immortall shall remaine.

E I D E M.

SInce Death, distresse, wrack, wretchednes, and woe,
 Since mourning, and since miserie to Man,
 Peculiar are, and thy adherents, O !
 Why should thou start, and strange esteeme them than,

F

Since

Since Policie nor power carnall can,
Divert, remoue, nor in a point preveine,
Thy danger, or Misfortune fatall, whan,
To seafe on thee, too sharplie they are seene :
No Kingdoms, Crowns, no Kin, nor Consobrein,
Nor nothing here that *being* hes nor Breath,
Not *Tyrants* with their Terrors can retein,
The vildest worme, from dying once the Death :
Since nought can Death, nor sorrows saif from thee
Lamenting liue, and living learne to die.

In what a Labarinthian fink of fin ?
In what a Maze, in what a miserie ?
Into what greef, and with what grons begin ?
The Dulfull dait of Mans Nativitie,
Woe, weeping, Care, and cryes continuallie,
Are at his Birth, and at his Burial both,
In sicknes fore, or sorrows furedlie,
The Time twixt Life and Death, he groning goth,
So fillie Man, does bot lament and mourne,
Whill to the ground, his *Grandame* he returne.

He weeps when from the bellie he is borne,
And enters first (the stage) distilling tears,
So to the world, he mourning giu's gud-morne,
And as he liu's, so to lament he lears,
His lewd-led-life, occasion giu's of fears,
Feare breeds complaints, perplexities, and paine,
So thus his life, it vanishes, and wears,
He comes in greef, and groning goes againe,
Lamenting first, he looks vpon the light,
Lamenting laft, he giues againe good-night.

To

To the same honorable Ladie.

M*elpomine* al Murners Tragick *Muse*,
Some vnknowne kinde of fadest fable chuse,
Tinvest thyselfe there-with whereby, thou may,
Exprellie more, divulgat, and bewray,
Thy care and cause, all Creaturs to ken,
Thy grieu's more great, nor's ordinar to men,
Convene thy wits, vse all thy Airt and skill,
For words thou wont to write, now Tears distil,
And vnto *Tritone* that the Trident bears,
Pay triple tribute, of salt brimmish tears.
Desire thy sweet and sacred *Sisters* fine,
To trim their Harps, to tragick toons like thine,
And pray your Prince, *Apollo* for to borrow
Some of *Neptunus* tears, to shew your sorrow.
Th'Arrabick gulphe, the East nor Ocean seas,
Shall b'insufficient to suffice your eies.
Although ye should, yea recole& the raine,
And gathred all in drops disgorg't againe,
Yet all this should not plentie, proue, nor store,
Thy departure, dear *Ladie*, to deplore,
No thought they all, that liue of humane line,
Cœlestiall signes, and Dieties divine,
And all that care can kno, or sorrow see,
Should too tear-wash, this terren *Tomb* with me,
Though th'Echoing *Air* it murmour should and mone
Tho light-foot *winds* shold whiffel their grifs & grone,
And though the *fire* ascend be Nature light,
As sorrowful to see so sad a sight,
And th'*Earth*aggriend her Entrels hudge should teare
Most discontent thy burdenn dead to beare,

Although the shyning *Sun* himselfe should shrowd,
 Most carefull for thy cause within a cloud.
 And though the *Clouds* lamenting looke and lowre,
 And tears for raine vpon the planes should powre.
 Though brutish Beasts should brey, burst, rage & rore,
 And schools of *Fish* seeme t'ambifet the shore:
 All mourning in their maner to the end,
 Their heavines to haue vs apprehend.
 Though *Creeping* things, and flights of *Fowles* al-whair,
 Deiuie with their din, the *deiphs*, the *earth*, the *Air*,
 And though that Monster many mouthed *Fame*,
 Thy onely praise should publish and proclame;
 Still elevat aboue the Rounds, and rear-it,
 And blaz't abroad als far as *Fame* can bear-it.
 And it in *Diamonds* indent and masse,
 Jt into *Marble*, and in bookes of *Brasse*.
 And last, though *Men* in numbers infinite,
 Should in complaints, consume, and spend their *sprit*:
 And be so sad as never seene was such,
 Murne what they may, they can not murne too much.
 Although their backs the black doole bages bear's,
 Though mournfull minds too testifies their tears.
 And though with lynes lugubrious and sad
 Thy *Coffin* they haue covered and spred.
 Yea though they should conglomerat and joine
 All th'earthl'-*ingens*, with those the best abone.
 And then draw from the Thesaurie of *Arts*,
 On perfe&lie perfect in whole and parts.
 Yet should he not ineugh deplore and praise
 Thy *Death* and thy *Deserving* in thy daies.

Vpon

Vpon the honest and vertuous, Ag. Chal.

THEse be the treasours that this *Tombe* containes,
Earth, dust, and ashe, much pampred in our pride,
Now but a band, of bosse, and bloodles *bains*,
That but short time, here in their beauties bide,
Flesh is most fraile, and suddantly does slide,
No durance is nor certentie of daies,
No mortall men, hes wherein to confide,
But in the *Lord*, through *Christ*, the *Scripture* saies,
So while each one, their part like *Stagers* plaies,
Vpon this worlds, vaine *Theatre* I wold,
They learnd to die, vnto the *Lord* alwaies,
So for to rest, inregiftred, and rold,
Amongs the happie, companie of those,
To life ele&, be mercie, loue, and choise.

Vpon the Right Honourable A. I. of Drum.

Fame.

COME me (the *Herold* of the heauens) behold,
Remembrance mouth, and neuer dying *Fame*,
Tongue vnto *Time*, and *Trenchman* vncontrold,
Reporter cheefe, and Publishe supream,
In Ioyfull *Thefts*, or in tragick *Theame*,
What be aboue, or in the Earth, below,
By *Providence*, preordain'd to proclaime,
In swiftest sort, to signifie and shaw,
The will, decrees, Occurrents, now, and then,
Of Gods eternall, and of mortall Men.

Truth, Vertue, Loue, Faith, Pietie, and Peace,
Prest with complaints, importun'd, and oprest;
Their Synode set, this Sepulture the place,
This Death, their Dolor, to dilate a drest,
In mourning manner for to manifest,
What all the liuing, and this Land hath lost,
A *Baron* bold, of blood, an of the best,
A mundane *Mirroure* but a Match almost,
A perfe& *Paterne* plenished withall,
The excellent, and *vertues Cardinall.*

Each one of these, are damnified by daith,
Each one of these, are wounded with this wrack,
Each one of these, are iustly wrongd and wraith,
To each of these, an Louer is in lackt,
Each one of these, with Death their band, shal break,
To honour him, and in Remembrance haue,
And each of these, hes sworne this for his sake,
For to ingrosse, his graces on his graue,
And hing on high, aboue, his honours *Herse,*
His *worthines,* and *vertues* into verse.

Receiue then *Earth,* and in thy bosome lay,
This fragill frame, in substance like thy fell,
A Man of mold, conuerted into clay,
Whose Truth and whose, jntegritie to tell,
Leaue vnto Me, the restles ringing Bell,
Time Death, nor *Age,* shal in Obliuion bring,
Nor from my *Troumpe,* his passing praise, expell,
Altho that death, or'threw the earthly *Thing,*
The heauenly *half* is hence to heauen againe,
Which both by *me,* remembred shal remaine.

Vpon

VPON THAT HONORABLE AND
worthie Gent. M. Patrik Cheyn
of Rainstone.

What both thy *worth*, & what *thou* was to wriet,
What *hapines*, and *honour* here thou had :
What prouidence, and prudencie of spreit,
And what a life, beloued thou hes led,
Needs not be pens, of *Poets* be exprest,
That of it felse, is so made manifest.

Thy *loue* to *freinds*, and to thy cuntry weel,
Who could not know, thy *constancie*, and *Cair*,
Vnto this Citie, fyne and *Common-weell*,
Of all *an* most, affected euermair,
Deferuing weell, of both, thou was I wait :
Since for thy *graue*, their *greife* is now so great,

An *Ieme*, an *Iewell*, and a chosen *Cheyne*,
A *Cheane*, both be, thy *Nature*, and thy *Name* :
Vnto this *Burgh*, thou euermair hes beene,
But *death*, alace, soone fundered the same ;
And from all common cummers hes conuoi'd,
Thee *thee* to *heauen* in whom we iustly ioi'd.



The

THE CONTENTS AND SVMMME
of the Authors his Christian Knight

Translated.

PErmit, and let, thy louing lookes alight,
And with wel-willing eies vouchsafe to view ;
The young vnwife, and wilfull wandring *Knight*,
Drest in apparell and an habit new ;
Which in a ground, and barren *Garden* grew,
Almost vnworthy, to be worne, and zit :
The *Portrat* right, the *Type*, the *Figure* true,
And very viue *Anatomie* of wit:
To monstrate these, the Miffes we commit.
And make them all, be sensible, and seene,
Yea th'image and, the *Idea* is it,
That represents, most Efauld to the eyne :
The nat'rall man, imprudent and prophane,
Be grace of God, regenerate againe.

2

OF *Sathans* snares, that soules incites to fin,
Here is detected the vndoubted *Truth*,
And all that may, inueit to vice, whairin,
Oft falls th'vndanted and rebellious youth,
Here are the finns, deciphered of slouth.
Of Misbeleefe, of Malice, and Envie,
And heir of sinne, also to drench the drouth,
The *Well* diuine, and spring of vertue spie,
Heir is the Touch where thou may truly trie,
If thou hes fully faithfull beene, befoir,

And

And here are perfect plasters to apply,
To salve the soule, and to heale found her soare :
And here as in, a mirrour mark thou may,
To life or death, the right or right way.

*At the death of the right honourable Sir
J. Wisehart of Pettarro Kn.*

THe world it is, a *Theater* and Men,
The Actors are, vpon this statelie stage ;
Whereof some yong, some midlings, now, and then.
Some in the verie Euening of their age,
Presents themselves, prepaerd to play their page ;
Yet in a moment, suddentie, and soone,
As poasting *Palmers*, poast a Pilgrimage,
They dryving o'r, we drow, decerne, haue doone,
And glyds into the Graue, the Den of Death,
That each one for his place retering hath.

Yet *Death*, nor this the *Graue* vnto the good,
Nor should affright, no nor dismay them must,
Albeit the boulke, the marrow, bones, and blood,
They reconvert in Ashes, Earth and Dust.
For *Iesus Christ*, th'Omnipotent and iust,
From both he struke the sting, and stayd that strife,
To all that in his mercies truelie trust,
And plainlie made them Ledders vnto life :
Whereby to Heaven, that glorious *Scene* t'ascend,
Triumphand *Actors*, ever more but end.

Men should not then, too much bot measure mourne,
Nor for their Friends, impatientlie deplore ;
Who as they take, long ere their Time returne,
And goe to graue, their hours prefix'd before,

G

Wherein

Wherein they doe their Maker moue the more,
Whill thus at his appointments they repine,
And with their groning derogats his glore,
Which in his great *Synedrione* diuine,
H'apoints that all, that ever breathd, and bee,
Should ere they liue, taste the first death, and dee.

Death is the *Port of Peace*, *Restrent* from strife,
Place of Repose, *Conclau*e of all *Content* :
The *gate* to *Glore*, the *Line* that leeds to *Life*,
The *way* of *flesh*, that worldlings ever went,
It was the battering *Bombard Iesus* bent,
To break and brvle the *Serpent* and our *Sin*.
It was the *Ramme*, that Heauens-strong *Ramperds* rent
To make Men mount, and easilie enter in :
In *Sion* sure, saif sanctified for *Them*,
The heavenlie, holie, new *Ierusalem*.

To his verie louing friend, (.)
M^r. T. M.

A Mortall man, Immortalized now,
This earthlie *Vrne*, this compond *caske* keeps
Call'd from the *Cairs* that crosse and cumber you,
Content in *Christ* here found and softlie sleeps,
Flesh, *blood* and *bones* (the slouchs and truelie typ's
Of the restrained and imprisond *sperit*,
Wherein oprest, as from a *Pit* it peeps.)
Jmmaft, are now, in mold, a *Mantion* meet,
Preordaind for the verie best, albeit,
They by their birth, be of *Bafilik* blood,
For *Death*, that all devours, thus does decreit,

All

All flesh shall to, the creeping frie be food :

And men howsoev'r in pleasurs Seas they fuom,
Once shall confind be in a terrene Tomb.

TO A COVRAGIOVS YOVNG MAN

*William Keith, who for his Countries honour slew
an Englishman and suffered for the same.*

WOld not the *Ghost* of that great *Greek* be glade,
That paid so much to pen a *Pagans* praise,
If he the happines, or honor had
To be a liue, now dead into thir daies,
To make his tongue a trump t'impen and blase
Through all the Anguls of the Vniverse,
Into most loftie, and most learned layes,
And in more then his wonted wondrous verse,
To cause couragious *Keyth* thy praise to perse,
Als well the Spheirs, as that lowe place of paine,
And in thy honor here vpon thy *Herse*,
To leaue thir lyn's for ever to remaine :

*Here lyes a youth, who for his Countreys cause
A Saxon slew, sine suffred be the Laws.*

2.

TO silence time, thy praise shall never put,
Nor once Envy thy ventrous worth shall wrong,
No though the graue vpon thy gore doe glut
Whill man is man, thy laud shall liue so long,
Thy fact to *Fame* sure shall become a song,
And valiant *Willam* thou shall ever more,
Be memoriz'd, and mentioned among,
Those Gallants that haue gaind and gotten glore,
Thy famous friends for fensing a-before,

G 2

Their

Their Natiue Soyle, from ferce and faithles foes,
As Cronicles, their kinde, for to decore,
And *Kamus* Croffe, their vpset Trophies choes :
So with thy Friends, thy *Fame* shall flee stout *Keith*,
Altho thou boght it dearlie with thy deith.

3.

W^Hat was his kindnes and his courage keene,
Belgick thy broyls, a *Record* best can bair,
Where he broght vp neere from his Birth hes beene,
Nought bot to make his martiall minde grow mair,
Wherefore thou iustlie should ere&, and rear
To *Mars* his Man, a martiall Monument,
Since that he as a *sojour* serving thair,
Into thy querrell willing, and content,
His Blood oft-tims in thy employments spent.
And this more too, to grace and do thee good,
Vpon thy foes, thy praises he did prent.
In *Crimson* Red, and *Characters* of blood.
To honor him, then thou hes mater much,
And of our *Soyle* full many *thousands* such.

To the Cittie Aberden at the death of
Jho. Fo. Ba.

F^Air Virgin Mother, Widow-like lament,
Thy Martiall Son, and Lamb-like lover lost,
Peirs everie ear, and place, with thy complent,
Whill they admire, that are remotest most,
Apend thy plaints, to everie Pole and post,
Chalcographiz'd, with *Charecters* of wo,
And let thy grief's vpon thy *Goun* b'ingroft,
That everie eie may see thy sorrow so :

O

O filent fad, and greiued, may thou goe,
Since to thy wracks, this wrack is ioyn'd the worft,
For dreadfull Death hes by one bitter blo,
One of thy firmeft, forts vnfreindly forft,
And maind the of, an of thy members ftiong ;
That boore thy burden louingly, and long.

To the defunct his fpoufe.

DEere fruitfull *vine*, alone to languifh left,
Let not thy *clusters*, through thy care decay,
Though raging Death hes by all reason reft,
And out of time, hes hint thy heid away,
Take thou on Thee, to be the ftaffe and ftay,
And beare thair birth, and all, the load alone,
That both aliue, in loue togidder ay,
You to this houre, haue gladly vndergone,
Through mourning much ; and out of meafure moue,
No not thy felfe, nor put in perill thofe,
To whom thou muft, be *All*, and th'only one.
(Except the Lord,) to place in the repofe,
Wherefore praife *God*, and take in patience this,
Thy hufbands death, from bail brought to his blis.

To his courteous freind, T. B.

GIue quick engines, that trufting to attaine,
The height of Honour and a liuing *Fame*,
With penning of, their *Poefes* prophane,
Should purchafe praife, and winne a noble Name,
Whatthen braue *Buck*, fhould be thy part, herein,
That fhawes the forrow of the *Soule* for finne.

For

For while as fourth, some busied be to bring,
The bad inuentions, of their boyling Braine,
Thou happie *Thou*, harps on an higher string;
And shoves a Man, regenerat again, (giue,
Wherefore we should, *Thee* thanks most gratefull
Because a woeb, much worthier *Thou* wiue.

While wordly *Writers* witles and vnwife,
Be full of folies, and of friuole fraits,
Thy pen and paines, to profit moir tho'applies,
And both diuine, and worthily thou wraites,
Than since thou such, a sacred subiect sings,
Flie with the pens, of praise and honours wings.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE WOR-
shipfull M. *Alex. Cheyn* Commisser
of *Aber*.

NOW now, at last, and nought, while now haue I,
Put a *Catastroph*, to this course of cair,
World, Flesh, and Feind, your forces J desie, (mair,
Your works are wrought, your mights may nowe no
Now I am quit, and from your cummers clair,
Graue, Hell, and Sinne, your powers J despise,
Death is the dore, through *Faith* ye step, and stair,
That makes my *soule*, mount, fore, and skall the skies,
Albeit the *bones*, left here consuming lies,
Yet certainly, J am assur'd they shall,
To rest and ring, in their *Redeemer* rise,
Since *Sathan, Sinne, the graue, death, hell* and all,
That *Lyon* strong, and yet a louing *Lamb*,
Tryumphantly, vpon the crosse o'rcame.

An

An description of the World.

WHat is this *World*, a *Theater* of woe ?
A *golfe* of *greif*, that still the greater growes,
A *Faire* where fooles, are flitting to and fro,
A *Sea* of *sorrow*, that still ebs and flowes,
A *Forge* where *Belial* the bellowes blowes,
A *Shippe* of sensuall *Soules*, neir funk for *finne*
Whair ramping *Rage*, is *Ruther-man* and rowes,
A wratched *Vail*, full of all Vice within,
A *Booth* of *busines* where restles rin,
To wrack himselfe, the wicked worldly worme,
A deadly *Den*, of *dolor*, and of *din*,
An onstaid *stage*, of *state*, a *strife*, a *storme*,
Th'vnquiet *Court*, of discontent and *Cair*,
The *Place* of *Pride*, and *well-spring* of *Dispaire*.

A desire of an Repentant spirit.

Would *God* my *Soule*, for *finne* such sorrow felt,
As could cause Me spend al my time in Tears,
Would *God* my Heart, would euerie moment melt,
And for my faults, be fraughted full of feares,
Would *God* my *flesh*, that fights, and battell beares,
Against the powers, of the spreit, would spair,
And rest from wrahtling and their jnward weares,
That does augment, and bot increase my cair,
Would *God* my Plaints, could penetrat the Air,
To purchase Peace, to my perplexed *Spreit*,
And neuer cease t'assend, nor rest ; but whair,
They face for face, might with th'Almightie meit,
To pray him for, a pardon, and a place,
Vnto *Repentance*, *godlines*, and *grace*.

An

An admonition to the Soule to watch.

Poore fillie *Soule*, thou sees not how are set,
Thy fatall foes, about the in a *Ball*,
The *Feind*, and *Flesh*, Thee in the gyues to get,
Of lothsome Lust, and pleasures sensuall,
They will obie&t, All what, may frame thy fall,
And cast before, the *Beautie* for a bait,
Opinions strange, fals, and hereticall,
Promotion, *Riches*, *Honour*, and *Estate*,
All what they can, find out for to defait,
And with thy *God*, to get the in disgrace,
They will essay, each secular conceit,
To hold the from, thy heauenly Fathers face,
Heirfore on *him*, prepare the to depend,
He onely may, the from thy foes defend.

Invocation to the Lord Iesus to saue the wounded soule.

O *Sonne of God*, *Silo* sweet *sauour*,
Thou that my sheild, and my assistance art,
The pretious oyntments of thy *pitie* poure,
Into my *Soule*, and wofull wounded *heart*,
J'le prostrat, Me in publi&t, and in part,
My former fowle offences to confesse,
My secret finnes fore makes my *Soule* to smart,
And I am wofull for my wickednes,
With hieft vp hands, and hartly humblenes,
I pray the pardon my impietie,

Thy

Thy word divine, my *God* grants me regres,
And bids me seek the sweet societie :
For thou art ay, says the Apostle *Paul*,
At hand to help, the wofull wounded *Saull*.

A Prayer for apaising of the Plague.

O Vr wicked liu's hes wakned *Lord*, thy wrath,
In kindling it for our iniquitie,
Jt maks thee blowe, this thy devouring breath,
To punish vs, for our impietie.
Our fall's and faults, hes forc'd *thee* to let flee,
At the Noone day, thy Arrows Pestilent,
Yet in thy mercies *Lord*, remember : *Wee*
Are thy owne *Sons*, on whom the same is sent,
Albeit thy Bow, against our breasts be bent,
And thou the Rod, does hold into thy hand,
We hope thou will inspire vs to repent,
And from th'*Infection* last releif the *Land*,
That in the greatnes of her greef does grone,
Looking, *O Lord*, for thy releif alone.

Vpon the Death of a verteous young man. W^m. Ke.

W Ith-hold thy haift, spair *Passinger* thy pace,
And marke amongs, those Marble *Monuments*,
This *Graue*, yet greene, and litle *hudge* alace,
And thereon spend, some parte of thy compliments,
Mourne, mourne with *Mee*, a *Miriad* of laments,
And on th'*Interr'd* streams of thy tears distill,
Whoes want the *Wife*, both pitties, and repents,
And whill They liue, the *Verteous* all, they will
Their plaints powre out, disperse, effund and fill.

The *Continent* her *Caverns* with their cries,
For never shall their *Sorrows* cease ; not whill
They deaue the *Dead*, into those lairs that lyes :
For trust thou me, this terren Tomb contains,
A *Relict* rare, a godlie *Young-mans* Bains.

PROSOP OF THE DEFVNCT TO
his lamenting friends. 2.

A Paife your plaints, since *Fortune*, *Fate*, nor *Chance*,
Was not the cause, nor framers of my fall,
Bot be a pre-appointed Ordinance,
The *Lord* hes thus concluded me to call :
For Men are nought one way Attached all,
Nor by one kinde of *Death* ordaind to die,
No, no, but this *Priuation* temporall,
Hes different, and diuers forts we see:
From *Prison* some departe, and some flit free,
And some be *force*, be *butcherie* or *blood*,
Yea, some be everie *Element* there bee,
That does, we knowe, this corrupt course conclude,
Yet dies *thou* this, I that, *he* so and so,
Die *wee* in *Christ*, the maner maters no.

3.

D Ie ye in *Christ*, ye die well dying so,
For *Fire* nor *Sword*, the *Water*, *Earth* nor *Air*,
They haue no power, nor the Puissance, no,
But speciall permission to impair,
Nor for to harne into thy head an hair,
Vnlesse the Lord, passe, suffer, or permit,
For he hes ay, a kinde, and constant Cair,
And ou'r his *chosen* still continues it,
His favours are not fragill, fraill, nor flit

This

This way or that, like *worldlings* now and than,
No, no, bot with his kindnes kind is knit,
Protection too, each constant Christian :
Then die, depart, or howsoever ye go,
Die ye in *Christ*, ye die well dying so.

DIALOGUE.
A new yeares gift.

Interl. Charites, and the Author,
Author.

THis Morning as J from my rest arraize,
And went to walke into the open Air,
I peradventure met whereon J gaize,
Thrie minzard *Maids*, all wonderfullie fair :
Their Robs a like, replendant rich and rair,
Whereat I was more moved to admire,
Who they shold be, whence from they came, & whair
They at that time, intended to retire :
Whill thus on them, like one but life I looke,
One forward came, and be the sleif Me shooke.

Gra.

Where be thy minde, when thou art musing thus ?
Why stonish'd stands thou ? we intreat thee tell ;
Quod one, what wonders hes thou seene on vs,
That maks thee so, for to forget thy sell,
Art thou enchanted be some Magick spell ?
Or thinks thou *vs* of that accursed crew ?
With *Lucifer*, that from the Heaven down fell,
And now art come to vex and wearie yow :
Or why is it, so stupefact thou stands,
Without so much as moving head or hands.

H 2

Auth.

Auth.

I mis-regarde, not such thrie fair, so far
Nor doe I thinke, the forme of *those* and *thine* :
For to be such, as you haue said, that ar,
Appeirandlie, Immortall and Divine,
Swa that sweet Saints, this musing is of mine,
A moldie grofnes, in my mortall eies,
Which can not see, nor suffer for to shyne,
Your glorie great, for their infirmities :
And with my selfe, I am debaitting who
Thy selfe should be, and thy Companions two.

Gra.

Recall thy sprits, thy musing then remoue,
Debar all doubts, and wit thou this that wee
Are called *Faith*, strong *Hope*, and constant *Loue*,
Of *IOVA* just, th'vndoubted Daughters three,
Come of Intention for to talke with thee,
And giue thee some directions thou must doo,
For thou of vs, art the appointed hee
To beare Imbassage, or our blessing too,
A much respected honorable *Pair*,
Thus it in few, deliver and declair.

J *Loue*, the first, and greatest of the *Graces*,
Saluts them say, conjunct and severall,
And promies them with all my friendl'embraces,
Prosperitie and *Peace* perpetuall,
And I, quod *Faith*, adds to the former *All*,
A working quick, and justifeing *Faith*,
And I quod *Hope*, my *Anchor* sends, which shall
Sustaine them surelie, in the Seas of Death :

For

For be it, and, with what, thir two haue giuen,
Their Ancring shall, be happie into heuin.

Now *Friend* we deeme, dissolued is thy doubt,
Since thou of vs, has got a knowledge cleir,
And we (because th'*Anuall* course is out,
And this day enters the succeeding *zeir*,
Haue purposed vnto Thee to appeir,)
And chuse The to, make manifest our minde,
Vnto that two, that we doe hold so deir,
And hes their Hearts, into one brest combind,
Who mutually, shall linked liue, and die,
Full of our *Hope*, our *Faith*, and *Charitie*,

*An Confession of finnes and Incalling of
the Lord.*

O *God* which art, great, good, and gracious,
Most holy powerfull, and glorious,
We that are ashes of the Earth, and dust,
When we fall down before the feet, (we must,)
Of thy high Maiestie confesse, that we,
Are Sinners vile, borne, and conceiued be,
In sinne, and that, by Nature we, no lesse,
Are nor a lump of Vice and wickednes,
Whose Naturall and propertie, appears,
To grow in sinne, as we increase in yeares,
And in the works of wickednes, and wrong,
Waxes and growes, ay more, and more, more strong,
As does the body, and the minde, their strength,
And force receiue, through tra& of time and length.

Thair

Thair is in vs, no good affection found,
No knowledge cleir, wholesome, sincere nor found,
Nor manner how thy bidding to obey,
Nor how aplease thy maiestie we may,
Laft *Lord* their byds, into our flesh, and blood,
Nothing that is, or can be called good,
And thought our state, accursed doth herein,
Yea wratched most, apeare : yet is, our sinne,
More sinfull much, and out of measure maid,
By the exceeding grace, thou Lord hes laid,
And offred vs, in the *Evangel* cleir,
Of thy vndoubted diuine *Sonne* most deir.
Wharby from profiting, so much, we ar,
That of our selfe, we should waxe, war and war.

For moir the light, of knowledge is made plaine,
We would alace, the blinder more remaine,
The more t'obey, thee we are taught, we would,
Be froward moir, moir stubberner, and bold,
Giue that by mightie power of thy spriet,
It were not fruited full made and mollifeit,
And thought that this, corruption Naturall,
We haue togidder, and in common All,
With *Adams* putrified, and rotten race,
That fell from *God*, through misbeleif alace,
Yet we confesse, in vs, it buds much moir,
Nor into vthers, it hes done befoir,
And so much moir, set forth, increft, and grew,
Though we mo waies, the same had to subdue.
And we we had, yea much more meanes to kill,
Than others had, this wickednes and ill.

Whair

Whair first of all, the offer gracious,
Of that great treasure of thy word to vs,
Does make vs faultie, into many parts,
Of th'Adamantine, hardnes of our hearts,
For passing vther *Nations* thou hes lent,
And trusted vs, that *Jewell* excellent.
And yet it hes, (with no small number bot,
A slender and, a small intreatment got,
And felt as great, resistance obstinate,
As at those gates it neuer knocked at.
For in this land, a Portion is (O Lord,)
That partly neu'r, wold yeild vnto thy word,
And partly when, they had confes'd the same
Defection made, and *Apostates* became,
So proudly as, it weare, stands at defence.
(Jn their conceits,) *Lord* with thine excelēce
The rest which makes, therof profession,
And seemes t'assent and giues thereto submission,
They doe it not, accordingly, bot skant,
Of zeale they are, in their profession fant,
For first thair, many of our people be,
Which through affection fond, to *Papistris*,
So blinded are, miscarried and led,
That straying still, in ignorance they tred,
Yea of the Truth, it selfe thought faithfully,
The word is preached in aboundancie,
Yet in thy Seruice true, and knowledge they,
Are now more raw, and inexpert alway,
Nor they before, haue beene, be many fold,
When blindly thay, idolatriz'd of old.

And

And whair a kind, of knowledge is, the which,
To any of sufficiencie is such,
Yea requisite, as is and should euin,
Sufficient for th'Inheritors of heauin,
It is yet seene, for the most part, to be,
Conioynd in league, with such hypocrasie,
As makes *Thee* that, does searse, the secret raen,
Detest, abhor, more hate, them and disdaine,
Then if they had, in all their Errors ill,
And in dark ignorance continued still,
Now for that few, of vs and remanant,
Which truly still, (of *grace* participant,)
And faithfully in thee beleueed haith,
It is with such, infirmitie of faith,
And with so small correction of our
Forepast trespases and behauour,
That our profession, that notorious,
Should be of thy great Gospell glorious
Supported is, and borne, with so few suites,
And so small shaw, of good, and godly fruites,
Whose dignit' and excellencie alon,
Requireth more than we can minde vpon.
So that this makes, our Enemies, and Foes,
Condemne vs, and some also are of those,
That are our owne, which doubtingly suspect,
Giue we, or no, be thine, and thy elect,

The cause of this, our state, we grant whairin,
We stand it is, the hudgenes of our sinne.
That beeing put, in trust, for to possesse,
This treasure of, infinite worthines.
Thy *Gospell* great, and be preferred thus,
Before our neighbours *Christians* with vs,

And

And yet in grait Obedience, to Thee,
 Behinde them all, (we will confesse) are wee
 In knowledge first, bot we are laft in zeale,
 In Do&trine far before them, bot we faill
 To pra&ife what, is preach'd, and ay we finde
 In Discipline, we ever are behinde,
 The bands and holie zock *Lord* of thy Law,
 Full heavilie we fuffer, thoill, and draw:
 Whereby our liues too vitious and vaine,
 We should amend, correct, reforme, and straine
 Our fond affe&ions all, and everie thing,
 In vs enorme, we should in bondage bring.
 The Gospell that vnto vs did aduce,
 Of honors and, of pleasures frier vse?
 It welcome was, and we did it embrace
 Bot that same Gospell that our wickednes
 Reproved, and did threaten punishment,
 We was there-with, no thing fo well content.
 It that did our Ambition rebuke,
 We skarcelie heard, or lent thereto a looke:
 And that thereof, that does most neerlie touch,
 Salvation of, the *Soule*, we make of much.
 Bot that againe, that doeth dire&lie more,
 Seme to respect, *O Lord*, thy heavenlie glorie;
 And to the profite of our Neighbours all,
 We make no compt, nor care for it, bot small.
 And though the treasure of thy Word hes bene
 A pretious gift, as like was never seene.
 Th'affured signe of our Salvation,
 Which to vs bairlie came not, nor alone,
 Bot with abundance, plentiful, and peace,
 And permanent, fo long, and large a space.

J

And

As furelie never this (litle thankfull Land)
 Before in many passed ages fand :
 Which benefits our neighbour Nations long,
 Haue looked for, and wish'd (*thir*) them among.
 This makes vs *Lord*, herefore accursedly,
 A great deall more, in fault and gilty be ;
 Because we haue still proven our selfs so plaine,
 Vngratfull for those thy great gifts againe.
 There is likewise, an other *Ledder* heir,
 Whereon our fins they seme, and they appeir
 To mount and clim more high, in that, that Wee
 Surmount into, this life commoditie.
 Our old Ancestours, that profest with vs,
 Even this thy holie Gospell glorious :
 And yet we are, yea everie day be day,
 A great deale worse, and wickedder nor thay.
 In blessings out-ward we be far aboue,
 Our Nightbours yet, far les to Thee in loue,
 And grants we falt, even in the grosse offence,
 Of th'outward tokens of Obedience.

*SCOTLAND AND HER GRIEF AT HIS
 Majesties going into England,*

O *England* now exult,
 And sing a cheerfull sang,
 Now may thou joy, since such a *Roy*,
 Neu'r over thy Regions rang.
 Our Sovereigne sweet, our Jemme,
Iofias and our *Iames*,
 The onely *Starr* that guides thy state,
 And brights thee with his beams.

Thou

Thou now posside with peace,
 And hes with *Loue* at length,
 That never could be win with *war*,
 Nor yet constraind be strength.
Faits, *Time* and *Right* hes made
 Thee, to triumph into,
 That not thy Martiall minded Men,
 Nor actiue deeds could do.
 The onely Ornament,
 And Sun-shine of the Earth,
 By destinies ordainde, to bruke
 All *Britaine*, or his Berth.
 Thou hes, and now enioi's
 Our verie Soule and Sark,
 A *Dy'mond* in thy Dyall set,
 The hight of *Honors* wark.
 These Royal vertues haill,
 That thou to fore hes found
 In thy preceeding *Princes* all,
 Even from his birth abound :
 And gloriouſlie into
 His Princelie person shine,
 O *England* to thy comfort now,
 And *Scotland* vnto thine.
 In deed Thou should reioice,
 And be appeased since,
 But grudge thou saw with glore the great
 Preferment of thy *Prince*.
 For now thou may behold
 His Hienes *Head* to hemme,
 (Beside the old vnconquest *Crowne*)
 A Triple *Diademe*.

All men may clearlie know
What *God* his wifdome wrought,
And by thy *Prince*, his patience,
Beyond beleif is broght
Unto an happie end,
For in the *British* Throne,
Religion raign's, *Peace* there is plac'd
And *Iustice* joind in one.
There *Majestie* does moue,
There *Fortitude* is fixt,
And there with *Rigour* or *Revenge*,
Is marvellous *Mercie* mixt.
There may thou view from *East*,
And from the setting *Sunne*,
Elected *Legats* fend, and from
Remottest *Regions* runne,
T'applaud thy *Prince* his praise,
Their Pretious presents brings
From *Europe*, *Afric*, *Asia*,
And from *Amerik Kings*
Not that thy *Lord* inlaiks,
For his great state, fuch store,
No, no, his Highnes hes his owne,
In infinite before.
Bot yet because they fee
Him blessed from aboue,
Thus they resort, to signifie
Vnto thy *Lord*, their loue.
So Inely thou may joi's,
To heare his Name renound,
Since from his boundant benefits,
Some back to thee rebound.

And

And yet I grant thy grieſe,
 Is greater then thy gaine,
 For but thy *Head* vnhappy thou,
 Diſmembred none remaine.
 And now ſhall heare his will, (∴)
 Bot be commiſſion that
 He from his mouth mellifluous
 Wont to communicat,
 Moſt patiently and as,
 Thy parent and thy Prince,
 Divulging his *Laws* with loue
 And diuine Eloquence.
 Thou muſt ſolicite be,
 And carefull now t'inquire,
 What credit beares the ſpurring Poſts,
 To the *Synedrion* heir.
 Poore *Orphane* widow like,
 Be thou in fable ſcene,
 While as thy ſiſter *England* goes,
 Now gallantly in greene.
 And like pale *Luna* loue,
 When her *Apollos* light,
 Is in eclipse, or with a cloude,
 Secluded from her fight. (∴)
 For loe thy golden Sunne,
 Into the South he ſhines, (thy,
 While thou *Solſequium*-like, for
 Abſtracted *Titan* tynes,
 A bodie hudge thou ar,
 Exhibit but a *Hart*.
 Vpon the worlds inconfāt ſtage,
 To play the Monſters part.

Poore

Poore *Ladie* now, thy *Life*,
 Thy *Lord*, and thy *Belou'd*,
 And next that mightie *Mobile*,
 Thy *Mouer*, is remou'd,
 Yet for thy great King *Iames*,
 His *Iubile* reioyes,
 Since he aboue the *British* blood,
 Thy old, now freinded foes,
 Thou to his honour high,
 Dilucidlie decerns,
 With measure howe, he moderates,
 And like a God gouerns,
 For whose long happie *life*,
Prosperitie, and *Peace*,
 His royall *Reigne*, his gracious, *Queene*,
 And for their hopefull *Race*,
 Jncall, protest, and pray,
 (From whose blis'd spreit all springs,)
IeHovah, Eli, Elohim, th'Almightie King of Kings.

An humble confession of Sinne.

IN Reuerence, on bare, and bended kneis,
 Debaft I bow, (if I dare be so bold,)
 My *soule* most sad, with weeping watrie eies,
 Before thy feet, vpon my face I fold,
 My eies, my heart, my hands, *Iehoue* I hold,
 To heauin, to *Thee*, and prostrat will display,
 My *Misles* made, but measure manyfold,
 And all the words, I wait in vain, bewray,
 None will I hide, but open *Lord*, shall lay,
 My Sinne both seene, and secret to my shame,

And

And my deli&ts, done all vnto this day,
I in thy publi& *Presence* shall proclame,
And to my *Turpitud* found out, I shall,
My Sins committed, and omitted all,

Vpon his louing, deere and Courteous friend, Pa. Q.

WHo doe of chance, or vtherwise that, hath,
An deepe desire, and earnest care to kno,
This Trophe sad, of still triumphing death,
Whair liueles lies, an earthly lumpe bot lo,
How rair a liue to signifie and sho,
Nor *Maroes* Muse, wold an more cunning craue,
To wreit his want, what worketh it, of woe,
T'ingraph each, greife by gazing on his Graue,
To not the noy when men looke on the leaue
His *Commorads*, and *Consorts Christian*
To count the care, his kin for him conceaue
To dyte the duile, of *wife* and *Orphans* whane,
Their father they, and sho does misse her Mane.
An man, whose make, here hardly may be haid?
What can? what shall? what is? or resteth thane
To say bot this, that safely may be said,
Lo *where a youth, on Beirtrees brought to bed,*
Ay faithfull fast, traist, vertuous, and wise,
Deir to his freinds, and of his foes ay dred,
Here vnderneath, to be lamented lies
And shall, ay while, the latter day constraîne,
The *Earth* to raise, and render him againe.

Sighs

Sighs of an sorrowfull soule.

Sigh, sadly sigh, sob for thy Sinnes and found, (mone,
Weepe waile, and woe, mourn mirthles *Man*, and
Redouble thy dolor, til each Den redound ;
With noysome notes, thy accents euerie one,
Crie carefull crie, while euery sensles stone,
Peirft with thy plaints, for pitie plead, and pleane,
With tragicke teares, toone out thy griefs, and grone
While *marble* mazed at thy mones remaine,
Thou writes thy woes, thou weeps, thou vows in vain
Giue not anon, from straying thus, thou stay,
Thou's driue thy daies, in dateles deepe disdaine,
Then sadly sigh poore *Soule*, and sighing say,
Sad be each sigh, moir noysome euerie note,
That treads the tracture of my troubled throte.

A description of the fragilitie of man.

W Hat be we wratches but,
A Masse of putrid mold,
Which vgly wormes and wild deuoures,
When we are dead, and cold,
Borne in this wofull vail,
In moments, ar nought Men,
And in a period, departs ?
What are we nothing then,
Learne then to die, and let,
Not hope of youth, nor years,
Delude the least, the *Fates*, ay ferce,
That Man nor Beast forbearcs,

Come

Come on thee suddaine shall,
 And warne thee vn-a-ware,
 For mortall none, tho neere so wise,
 From those excemed are.
 Time flees, your gilt does grow,
Death at your doores does call,
 Then take your time, and learne in time
 To liue Perpetuall.
 For you are nought, bot like
 Duft driven with wind away,
 And like vnto a brittle glaffe,
 Or fhaddows fleing ay
 Or Rofes redolent,
 That in the morning fhines,
 And when the night draws neere anone,
 Their pleasant tin&ture tines.
 Now liuely-like anone, (∴)
 Feafts for the creeping fry,
 Now ftrong and fair, and now anone
 A lump but life we ly.
 Taccumulat great goods',
 or what does profit vs
 Jemm's, Jewels, Silver, Gold,
 And all apparrell pretious?
 What Scepters, Crowns, Eftat's,
 Or Kingdoms great to guide?
 And what in Princelie Palaces
 Shall buit vs to abide?
 And others in our pryde, (∴)
 What helps it to despife?
 Or to account our felfs like to,
 The *Lord* alone moft wife.

K

If

If dreadfull Death shall come,
Most horrible and haw,
And with her Syth, (that here you see)
All which GOD made shall maw.
Or if like earthlie dust,
Or flyding shaddows, wee
O wretched misers miserable,
Shall fall away and flee.
And all the pride of flesh,
And this small glance of glore,
Shall in the day of Death departe,
Without returning more.

Idem.

MArk mortall Man, and surelie thou shall see,
What in short space it shall become of thee :
And then thou shall desist, for to desire
The worldlie Pleasures, that so soone expire :
By no device, ingine, nor craft can Thou,
Fearfull to flesh, Death certaine, once eshew.
Thou should not then s'exult nor joifull bee,
Because per-haps to morrow thou shall dee :
And in a little ludge, a caue or cott,
Thy flesh and bones shall soone consume and rott.

*THE AVTHOR HIS REPENTANCE
fro wryting Poesies prophane.*

Could I or this my scattered skrols recall,
Or my dispersed Poesies repeat,
Most willinglie I wold revock them all,
And sound from singing of such Toys retreat.
I wold envy 'gainst wanton verse and writ,
Inve&iuelie of all inventions vaine :

For

For it infects the well despoſed Sprit,
For to peruſe ſuch *Poeſies* prophane :
They breed abuſe, and brings into the braine
Phantaſtick folies, and phanatik freats,
Which are in deed not bot preſumptions plaine,
Or at the moſt (but profite) poore conceats :
Wherefore, were thoſe elſe publiſhed to pen,
I ſhould aſſume ſome ſadder ſubje& then.

*A PROFITABLE ADMONITION,
if wiſelie followed.*

LOſe not the Garlant of eternall Glore,
For things that here, bot for a time ſhall tarie :
Officious Fame, goods, or vnſtable ſtore,
That facil *Fortune* both does bring and carie :
Indanger not, nor doe in perrell put
Th'immortall mark, whereat the Soule does ſhut.

Tho pretious pearles thou purches, what ſuppoſe ?
And gaine more gold nor *Craſus* got, what than ?
If thou the Heaven, and heavenlie Soule ſhall loſe,
For all thy wealth, thou's miſerable Man.
And truelie loſes in a moment more,
Ten thouſand fold, nor thou could find before.

I giue and grant, that thou inlarge thy rouses,
For to cotaine thy infinite increſſe :
And that ſecure in Honors Seas thou ſoums,
Yet thou in fine, muſt needs of force confeſſe.
If that thy *Soule* ſhall ſuddainlie be taine,
What thou poſſeſt, was wealth, for nought in vaine.

Though thou be made, and creat were a King,
And supreme Emperour inaugurate:
Or at thy wish had everie earthlie thing,
Of Monument most, with *Mundans* estimate:
If that the *Soule* her heavenlie life yow losse,
Curst is with those, corruptible thy cosse.

Altho thou haue both health and honor here,
And pleasure past the compas of compare:
And that thou previlegiat appeir,
Aboue the world, and worldlings every-where
Want thou a sanctified *Soule*, what shall
Avail thy Pleasures and Promotions all?

OF THE ESSENCE, WISDOME,
and Power of God.

GOD onely great, he guideth and governs,
The restles Rounds, that rules aboue, and all
Th'invirownd *Earth*, with *Seas* that each decerns,
Just circular, and perfite *Sphericall*,
His blessed *Beeing* built the double *Ball*,
And did appoint fit places for the *Sphæres*,
From th'Earthlie *Orbs* destinct, and severall.
Which we grosse *Mortals* marvels and admirs,
His Providence and Power plaine appears,
In th'artificiall forming of this *Frame*,
Whose various works, dilucidats and cleirs,
Into the sure conserving of the same:
His wondrous *Wit*, exceeding all ingins,
Of Seculars, and of the best Divins.

Vpon

*Vpon the certaintie of death and the vncertaintie
of the houre.*

NO thing then *death* more certaine is we see,
Yet nor the houre, incertaine nothing more:
Than if as thou, were eu'rie day to die,
Gouerne thy felfe, and learne to liue therefore,
So fhall thou not, neede for to count, nor cair,
Whence death fhall come, how when, nor whair.

It is this life, here well, or lewdly led,
That this firft Death, makes dreidfull, now or no,
If in misdeeds, thy dayes thou drue, then dred,
And full of dolor is, this *Death*, and O;
Perplexed fo, and fo annoy'd that None,
Can weel the paffions of the *fpreit* expone.

For all that thou, hes done vnto that day,
Thy fecret finnes, thy feene, and publi& fhall,
Dismasked all, arryue into array.
T'accufe the in, thy *Conscience*, and call;
The to account, fo fpacious and large,
That Liuers lewd, can fcarfely fcarfe discharge.

*Man his Immoderate care for tranfitori-
ous things.*

OVr labours, ftudies, exercife, and Paine,
And for this corps, is our continuall cair,
For why t'acquire, thairto fome gloir, or gaine,
No perrill nor impietie, we fpair.

We

We neuer leaue, bot labours late air,
And for t'attract, vile trash, we neuer tyre,
Like frantick fooles, and furious we fair,
While we possesse, that wherunto w'aspire,
Through perlous paths, salt seas, and flashing fire,
But Prouidence, we passe, we post, we Ply,
For to enioy, the depth of our desire,
No nought the night, in quiet can we lie,
But puts vnto, all hazards but a Host,
The *Soule* to *Christ*, that did so deerely cost.

Meanes how to bridle the carnall desires of men.

NO thing so fit, to danton the desires,
And appetites, of fragill fleshly Men;
That so much raignes, and ouer them empires,
Nor with confidred, Conscience to ken:
And wisely wey, what is this Bodie that,
They feare so full, and dresse, so delicat.
Would they confider, and bot fight the same,
And but selfe loue, these circumstances see?
What is their kind? whairof compound they came?
And then how short, here thair abydings be:
Or at the least? how much incertaine since,
One houre they are, and or an vther hence.
Or would men mortall meditate, and marke,
Of *Nothing* how, the great *Creator* choosd,
To frame so fair, the worlds most wondrous wark,
And from no monstrous masse, but forme confusde;
As *Fablers* fain, into their wanton verse,
Created He the boundles *Vniuerse*.

And

And how of th'*Earth*, the grossest Element,
He all the kinds, of *Creatures* compones,
And how th'*Artificer* most Excellent,
Thair fragill flesh, thair *Bodies*, *blood*, and *bones* :
Did make, of mater most despisd, and baffe,
The *Earth* her dust, her excrements, and ashe,

Thus that they are, (wold they bot well aduise,)
Dung, dust, and ash, which so aliuie, they loue,
And looke againe, when dead, but life, one lies,
How putrid and, vnpleasant soone they prooue,
These would they wey, view, warlie, and advart,
They should not then, so primp the Earthly part.

Comparison betwixt the bed and the Graue.

THE bed, which most, for our repose we haue,
Whairin the nat'ral night we softly, sleepe,
May fitly be, compared to the graue,
That these our corps, when they are cold, does keep,
And not vnto, that Den, or Dreadfull *deepe*,
Whairin the damn'd shall dying neuer dye,
Bot thair, in euer skalding lead, shall sleepe,
And euermoir, eternal Torments trie,
Jnto our Couch, we sensles seeme, and lie,
As if no braith, were in our breasts, nor braine,
Bot once our sleeping termes expir'd we spie,
And cleirly knowes, we liuely grow againe,
So in the graue (that of the dust is drest,
A little time, and then to to rise) we rest.

Of

Of the breuitie and miseries of man his life.

THis tranſitorious time,
And preſent paſſing life,
The *Scripture* calls, an *Pilgrimage*,
A *travell*, way, a *ſtriſe*,
Because continually,
It but all reſting rins,
And plies vnto an end fra once,
It enters and begins,
For like as they, whom *ſhips*,
Or wheeled coatches *carrie*,
Altho they either fit, or ſleepe,
They tine no time, nor tarrie,
Bot as with wings, and wind,
Supported they proceed, ſpy,)
(Though they their paſſage cannot
And ſpurring, poſts with ſpeed.
So eu'ry one, of vs,
Albeit we buſied be,
With worldly works, and plainly ſo,
Cannot perceiue, nor ſee,
Our life of little length,
Like waxen *tapers* ſpend,
Yet but dignoſcing driues our daies,
And we draw to our end.
The Poſts and paſſengers,
As many gaits they goe,
So much they ſee, and hauing ſeene,
They ſeeke no more, and ſo,
What in their way they view,
Before them what they finde,

They

They gaze vpon, then goes and leaues
What they beheld behinde.
As forward then they fair,
Before them set, they see
Most wondrous worthie works t'invit,
the most envyous eie :
Which for a while th'admire,
As glorious, rich, and rare,
Yet they returne to travell on,
And may not tarie there.
Thereafter Middows, Fields,
And Pastures plaine they spy ;
Whereat they wonder and they gaze,
And gazing they go by.
Then in their progresse they
They obviat, and meete
Sometime with filver Sanded Streams
Some sowe, some sharp, some sweet
Sometimes with Fountains fresh,
And Conduits cristalene,
And oft with Orchards full of frute,
And Forrests grasse greene.
Which for a time content,
They vife and rejoies,
Bot shorthlie satiat with the fight,
They take their gaits and goes.
Where they before them finde,
A wild vnpleasant way,
Of thistles, thornes, and brears, where
Constrained are to stay : [they
Yet with great greef and paine,
Woe and vexation fore :

L

These

These perlous paths, they over passe,
 Then minds on them no more.
 Suchlike some one will be
 Incarcerat, and cast
 Jn firmance, or in prison put,
 And therein fettered fast.
 Vext, and afflicted too,
 Or to the torment taine : (∴)
 Yet all these greefs, he will forget,
 If he b'inlargd againe.
 Even so with vs it is,
 One moment we do meete,
 With many most delightfull things,
 All pleasant to the Sperit.
 An other while we finde,
 Displeasant Greefs, most grosse,
 And Sorrows, that excedinglie,
 Our cheef Contents, does crosse.
 Yet all our greefs and game,
 Jnto an houre, O nay,
 Jnto a moment, they shall melt
 And vanish will away.
 In publi& paths we see
 A new imprinted passe, (∴)
 Anone an other with his foot,
 That four-step doth deface.
 An other comes, and with
 His dust-depressing dint,
 Incontinent he does cancell,
 His Predicessours print.
 And thus our nat'rall life,
 Whereof we make so much,

And

And mainlie mufes to mentaine,
Js it not fee you fuch ?
Saith *Bafle*, ask and fpeir
At thefe thy grow's and grange,
Vnto thy days how many Names,
They vfe to chop and change,
Some-time they did belong
To fuch a one, and fine
An other did poffeffe the fame,
And laftlie they are thine.
Perhaps fome other yet
Shall in thy place fucceed,
And occupie the place, when thou
Art difpoffed, and dead.
Or laftlie thofe now thy
Poffeffions prefent fhall
Be call'd, pertaine to fuch one,
Whofe fcarcelie none can tell.
And why ? becaufe this life
Is like a walking way ;
Wherein one paffinger expels,
By courfe an other way.
Bot loe, a little looke,
More hie, to hier things,
And mark the mutabilities
Of *Monarchies* and *Kings*.
How many everie age
We fee aims, points, afpires,
And covets *Crowns, Swords, Scepturs, Thrones,*
Great *Kingdomes* and *Empyres*.
And when oft-times they haue
With troubles, travels, toyle ;

De-population of the land,
 Impietie, and spoyle :
 And oft-times too with death,
 Of innocents obtaind,
 All their ambitious bold desires
 The'are forc'd and constraind :
 And to giue place compeld,
 Not obstant their Eftates,
 To their Succellours, or them felfs,
 Be fatled in their feats.
 This day one rules or raignes,
 To morrow he is dead,
 Yet others fhortlie fhall afcend,
 And in his feat fucceed.
 Departed, buried, dead,
 And to the graue once gone,
 Fairwel, th'are well away, foone fhall
 Be re-poffefft their throne.
 Like *Maskers* on a ftage,
 They paffe their time, and play,
 Some fittes, falutes, afcends, defcends,
 They come and goe away.
 Confider this we fhould,
 That man his life is bot
 A journey, or feducing way, (∴)
 And time that taries not.
 Bot fpeciallie to thofe
 Moft doubtles dangerous,
 That they be here but Paffingers,
 Which be oblivious.
 And who too much does ftand
 Vpon occurrent things,

The

The which occasion, represents
And oft for obie& brings,
For know the night will come,
And quickly it will come,
When many shall be fast asleepe,
Whairof, there shall be some,
Whose negligence, and slouth, (∴)
Shalbe a bar to them
To beare them back, from the most ho-
ly hie *Ierusalem*,
Whairby they shall become,
(A fearefull, sorie fight,)
An pray vnto th'infernall *Wolfes*,
That wander be the night.

To his Maiesties great Commissioner G. E. Marshall
Lo. K. and Altrie.

Great *Fabius*, far famous for his facts,
Be long delaies, he did restore the state,
Nought greatest hast, the gravest actions acts,
Nor are they lost, altho a-doing late;
So generous, and Thou most worthie Than,
Walk with that wise and Inclite *Fabian*.

Alex. Rupeo. Suo, S.

Knd, Cunning, *Crag*, I can nought bot commend,
Thy wondrous wit, thy Judgement, thy Ingyne,
For thy attempts, brought to so braue an end,
Bewrayes thee for, none wordly, bot divine,
And if thou list, from Men to lead thy Line,
Or brwik, that they, thy first for-Bearers ware

Then

Then'cording too, this Judgement meane of mine,
Thee to no *Craig*, nor *Petra*, I compare,
Bot I avow, proclame, and does declare,
Thee (th'only he, that sol'deserues the same,)
That learned old, the great *Petrarchas* heare,
He was the *Craig*, of whom, thou (*sandie*) came.
For with thy works, that worthie thou reuiu's,
And by thy lines, his Ladie *Laura* liues.

*Vpon thee honourable gentleman Iohn Da, and Iohn
Sibalds of Kair.*

Looke here below, into this ludge, whair lies,
Dead in the Lord, the father, fonne, and Oyo,
By name, and Nature, *SIB-BALD* both and wife,
Honest, discret, and sotiall also,
Whose *spreits* aboue, in mouths of men Remaines,
Their *fame*, their *flesh*, this Terren *Tombe* contains.

*To the Ghost of the most noble Ladie, Ladie Elizabeth
Gordon Countesse of Dunbar.*

IF *Vertue*, *wit*, and if *discretion* doe,
With *pietie* expostulat a praise,
If th'outward shape, may be collauded to,
Than *thou* adorn'd with those into thy daies,
Must nocht (*Madam*) expect nor looke for lesse,
Nor all that Art or Poesie can expresse.

Thought

Thought all that *Art* or *Poesie* can expresse,
About thy pale imprinted war, and pend :
Yet should thy praise (*great Ladie*) I confesse
Permit no point, no period, nor end :
Bot be a solemne subiect to be sung,
In th'after age, with each Poetick Tongue.

*Of changing Fortune and her effects into
This age.*

HE first that did a Fortune faine to be,
And but her eyes vpon a Rolling Round,
Shuip her to fit, in my opinion, He,
May passe for an, both famous, and Profound,
For lo as shee, vnsatled seemes to fit,
So flowing ay, all her affaires does flitt.

Behold each day, and see a fundrie change,
The *Proud* deprest, and simple Spreits promou'd
The skilfull scornd, and what is yet more strange,
The Foole preferd, and loiterers belou'd :
And all things known, come of contrarious kinde,
Turnd topsie turvie be this fortune blinde.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED
and most noble Earle George Earle of
Anzie, L. G. &c.

Great gallant *Youth*, thy *Bogie-valley*, wailes,
And louingly, laments thy absence long,
Thy *Bogie* burfts, and as inragd the railes,
And waries all the *world* for this wrong :

Mour

Mourning shee moues the Montanes all among,
 And as she slides, shee soughs, she shoutes and sings,
 With weeping voice, a sad and sorie song,
 Wailing thy want, her watrie eies shee wrings,
 While spaitsof Tears, that from those fontains springs
 The Valies low, like furious floods o're flowes
 And all her banks, in their disdaine down dings
 And with a thought, like thunder all ore throwes :
 Yet noble *Lord*, haift home and you shall see,
 Both *Bog* and *Bogie-waill* be blyth of Thee.

EPITAPH VPON THE HONORABLE
 young Gentleman of fingular expectation
preuented by death Walter Vrquart
 apair. of Cragftoun.

CONvert zour eyes vnto this Vount and view
 This *Sepulture*, or this *spelunck* espie :
 Whair (woe is me,) Wit, worth, and valour true,
Apollos freind, and *Pallas* loue does lie,
 Of fuch deserts, while both those Gods disdaine,
 That fuch a man, mongft mortals should remaine,



To

TO THE MOST HONOVRED LA-
die, The Ladie Clunie.

WHen I revolve, or reckens, or recounts
All fauours fond, from my affected frends.
Aboue those all so high Thy merits mounts,
That my conceit, them scarfely comprehends.
So boundles be, thy benefits but ends,
While J ashame, for surely I must say
If nought my *Muse*, were mindefull of a mends,
For very woe, I vanish would away :
Bot since jn part, Shee preeses to repay,
And gladly yeelds, her indeauours as yours,
Then I protest, I repotest, and pray,
That these the labours of her idle hours :
In part for payment of my depts, receaue,
And hope at least (good *Lady*) for the leaue.

M 1

Deus



Deus vnica protegat Sceptra Mag. Brit.

THose *Crownes* conjoind and now vnited, *Lord*,
Into thy *mercie* with thy *power* protege:
And keepe thou them, at quiet, and accord,
Each with their old, and princely priuiledge:
And let no Wrong: nor no attempt betide,
Those royall *Realmes* vnited to deuide.

What greater joy, nor see two Kingdomes knit
Togither chain'd, and locked into Loue,
And for two *Kings*, to see on *Cæsar* fit,
And both with *Maiestie* and *Mercie* moue:
Two royall *Scepters* with one happie hand,
And or'e two *Countries* quietly command.

No greater Grace nor richer blessing be,
Imparted to, no *Prince* his *Subiects* then.
Thou louing *Lord* (of thy benignitie,)
Bestowes on *Britans*, *Scots* and *Englishmen*,
For O we haue: from heauen a happie *Head*,
And from the same, a *Sonne* for to *succeed*.

F J N I S.





¶ To such as shall peruse this Booke.



P O E T R I E is so euery way made the Herauld of wantonnesse, as there is not now any thing too vncleane for lasciuious rime ; which among some (in whose hearts God hath wrought better things) hath bin the cause, why so generall an imputation is laid vpon this ancient and industrious Arte. And I, to cleere (as I might) verse, from the soyle of this vnworthinesse, haue herein (at least) proued that it may deliuer good matter, with fit harmonie of words, though I haue erred in the latter. The way to Doe well, is not so doubtfull, as not to be sought ; neither so darke, but it may bee found. I confesse, I haue, touching my perticular, beene long carried with the doubts of folly, youth, and opinion, and as long miscaried in the darkness of unhappinesse, both in mention and action. This was not the path that led to a contented rest, or a respected name. In regarde whereof, I haue heere set forth the witnesse that may testifie what I desire to bee. Not that many should know it, but that many should take comfort by it. And (kind Reader) this is my request, that faults in Printing may be charitably corrected ; that the sence of the matter may be wisely (and herein truly) construed, and so shall yee both approve your owne Iudgements, and right the Authour in his hopes.

Farewell.

NOTES.

1. *To the truelie Religious, Right Honorable, and Verie Learned Alexander Gordon of Clunie. S.*

Alexander Gordon of Clunie, or Cluny, in Aberdeenshire, was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Gordon of Cluny, knight, by his marriage with a daughter of the house of Angus. He succeeded to the family estate on the death of his father, about the year 1606. He received knighthood from King James, during his Majesty's visit to Scotland in 1617; and was created a knight-baronet, at the institution of that order in 1625. He married, 1st, a daughter of Urquhart of Craigston, tutor of Cromarty, by whom he had one son, Alexander, who died in France without issue; 2dly, in June 1641, Dame Elizabeth Gordon, widow of Sir John Leslie of Wardhouse, who died at Durham in December 1642. The charms of this lady are commemorated by Dr. Arthur Johnstone in three sets of verses (*Poemata Omnia*, pp. 424, 425. Middelb. 1642,) but her reputation did not escape scandal. "Scho wes," says Spalding, "a woman of suspect chastetie, and thocht over familiar with Sir Alexander Gordon thir many yeires bygone, in her first husbandis tyme; and thocht an evill instrument to the dounethrowing of both ther fair and flourishing estaitea." (*Hist. of the Troubles*, vol. ii. p. 101, Bannatyne Club edit. See also pp. 322, 327, vol. i.) The covenanting Baillie calls her "an infamous woman," (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 161, Bannatyne Club edit.); and an ecclesiastic, on the other side of the question—the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, Mr. Andrew Logie—in reply to certain objections taken against his right to sit in the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, said, "that the bill givne in against him was but calumneys, sent by a leud man, Sir Alexander Gordon of Clunye, because he reproved him for scandalouse cohabitatione with the Ladye Wardesse." (*Gordon's Scots Affairs*, vol. i., p. 153, Spalding Club edit.) Sir Alexander built a stately house in the city of Old Aberdeen, of which he was many times provost; and, about a century ago, it was remembered that "when he lived in the chanonry

he had a summer-house in the middle of the Bishop's Loch, and had a pleasure boat upon it, for passing and repassing to the said summer-house." (Orem's Description of Old Aberdeen, p. 54, edit. Aberd. 1791.) He built also a tower in the Forest of Birse, on the northern slope of the Grampians, the ruins of which still exist, and which, according to tradition, was burned by the peasantry, as being an encroachment on the rights of common which they enjoyed before the forest passed from the mild rule of the church to the grasping hands of the lay barons. The date of Sir Alexander's death has not been ascertained. The last notice of him is about the year 1644, when he was in prison in Edinburgh, at the instance of a private creditor. He had early espoused the Royal cause in the great Rebellion, and he is frequently mentioned in Spalding's History of the Troubles. The Marquess of Huntly claims the baronetcy of Cluny, but has taken no steps for formally establishing his claim.

Cluny Castle was—and still is—a fine old place. How far it may have been indebted to the good taste and magnificence of Sir Alexander Gordon, does not appear. There is a view of it in the Scots Magazine. The present proprietor—who is of the name, although not of the blood of the ancient family, (his grandfather having been butler to the Duke of Gordon,) has built a new edifice at Cluny.

2. *Certaine Encomiastick Poesies to the Author. P. G.*

Probably Patrick Gordon of Ruthven, brother-german to Sir Alexander Gordon of Cluny, and author of "A Short Abridgement of Britane's Distemper, from the Yeere of God 1639 to 1649. Aberdeen, Printed for the Spalding Club, 1844." See a memoir of him in the preface to that publication. He appears to have been the same Patrick Gordon whose "Famous History of the Renown'd and Valiant Prince Robert, surnamed the Bruce," was printed at Dort in 1615.

3. *Certaine Encomiastick Poesies to the Author. Mr. W. Bar.*

Mr. William Barclay, M.A. and M.D., a contributor to the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, author of "Nepenthes," a tract on Tobacco, reprinted in the Spalding Club Miscellany, and of several other works. He was a pupil of the famous Justus Lipsius, and is mentioned by Dempster. There is a short notice of him in Dr. Irving's *Lives of Scottish Writers*; and some gleanings of his history are given in the *Book of Bon-Accord*, and in *Collections on the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff*. He is not to be confounded with Mr. William Barclay, Professor of Laws at Angers, the father of John Barclay, author of the *Argenis*.

4. *Certaine Encomiastick Poesies to the Author. W. T.*

Perhaps William Turing of Foverane, who died prior to 20th November 1616, when John, his brother, was served heir to him, and to whose memory John Leich dedicated the following lines :

Gulielmi Turingi, Foverangii, die 8. post nuptias celebratas mortui, memoriae.

Ecce jacet, proavos, atavos, interque parentes,

Turingus, gentis spesque, decusque suæ.

Cui dum intentat Amor jaculum, mors sæva pepercit :

Scilicet, ut telis perderet ipsa suis.

Joannis Leochazi, Scoti, Musæ Priores. Epigr.

Lib. II. p. 34. Londini, 1620. 8vo.

5. *Certaine Encomiastick Poesies to the Author. Mr. J. Lesl.*

Obviously "Mr. J. Leslie," but there seem to be no grounds on which their author can be identified with any one of the several persons of that name then flourishing. Perhaps John Leslie, Bishop of the Isles, afterwards of Raphoe, might have as likely a claim as any one.

6. *Certaine Encomiastick Poesies to the Author. Alex. Ste.*

It is impossible to make any thing of these initials. One *Andrew* Stephanus, or Stephani-des, wrote a Latin poem on Bishop Forbes, (reprinted in the Spottiswoode Miscellany, vol. i.); and this may have been a *Stephanides* likewise.

7. *To the Citty of Aberden at the death of that excellent D. David Bishop of Aberd.*

David Cunningham, titular bishop of Aberdeen from 1577 to his death in the year 1603. He was selected to preach at the baptism of Prince Henry in 1594.

8. *The Opinion of the worldlie estate of the honorable and learned Mr. Walter Stewart Principall of the Kings Colledge of Aberdon at his death.*

Walter Stewart was Principal of the University and King's College of Aberdeen from about the year 1584 to about the year 1593; and is commemorated for his zeal in repairing the seminary from the wreck of the great ecclesiastical revolution of the sixteenth century, (J. Ker, *Donaides*, p. 19, Edinb. 1725.) He is thus spoken of by a writer on the history of the University, who was nearly contemporary with Gardyne. "Nec dissimulandus

silentiô Walterus Stuartus, cujus auspiciis, inter alia, beneficium ecclesiæ Methlicensis academïæ impensum, et appositum est: et si uberior benefaciendi seges se obtulisset, uberiorem academïæ messem reportasset; ni mors præmatura eum in ipso ætatis flore (dum videlicet annum sextum supra tricesimum ageret) nobis eripuisset." (A. Strachani Panegyricvs Inavgvralis quo Autores, Vindices et Evergetæ illustris Vniversitatis Aberdonensis justis elogiis ornabantur, p. 28. Aberdoniis, 1631, 4to.) Except the notice of his age given by Strachan, and what else may be inferred from the lines of Gardyne, nothing of Stewart's personal history appears.

9. *Upon the Honorable the Laird of Tolquhon.*

William Forbes of Tolquhon, who died about the year 1595. By his marriage with E. Gordon, a daughter of the house of Lesmore, in Strathbogie, he left (besides William his successor, and one daughter,) three sons, to the youngest of whom probably allusion is made in a subsequent poem. This gentleman built the greater part of the palace of Tolquhon, which is still a noble ruin; and his anxiety to have it well "plenished" is shown by a curious deed (printed in the Collections on the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff, pp. 354, 355), dated in the year in which the building of the mansion was completed, as we learn from an inscription on its northern wall. He built also an aisle to the parish church of Tarves; and erected and endowed an alms-house for four poor men in the same parish. Dr. Arthur Johnstone has left a pretty copy of verses to his memory, included in his *Poemata Omnia*, p. 379, and reprinted in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, the *Poetarum Scotorum Muse Sacræ*, and the Collections on Aberdeenshire and Banffshire. Tolquhon, which originally belonged to the knightly family of Preston of Formartin, passed by marriage into the house of Forbes, about the year 1420, in which it remained for about three centuries. It now belongs to the Earl of Aberdeen. The family of Tolquhon is represented by Mr. Forbes Leith of Whitehaugh, in Aberdeenshire.

10. *Vpon the verteous and worthie Virgin Helen Chein.*

Probably a daughter of the house of Essilmont, or of some of its cadets in the neighbourhood. There were several intermarriages between the Forbeses of Tolquhon and Cheynes of Essilmont.

11. *Vpon the honorable the Laird of Corss.*

William Forbes of Corse died about the year 1598, leaving (by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Strachan of Thornton in the Mearns,) besides other issue, Patrick, his son and successor, afterwards Bishop of Aberdeen; Mr. John, minister at Alford, well known

as one of the leaders in the ecclesiastical strifes of the beginning of the seventeenth century; Mr. William, founder of the knightly family of Craigievar; and Arthur, founder of the noble house of Granard, in Ireland. William Forbes of Corse built, in the year 1581, the tower or castle of Corse, now in ruins. The family is descended, but not in the legitimate line, from the noble house of Forbes, and is now represented by Sir John Forbes of Craigievar and Fintray, Baronet.

12. *Vpon the honorable I. Irv. of Pet.*

J. Irvine of Peterculter, a cadet of the house of Irvine of Drum.

13. *Dialog vpon the Death of P. F. Baillie of Aberden.*

Probably Patrick Forbes, youngest son of William Forbes of Tolquhon, mentioned above.

14. *Vpon the Reverend and Godly M. N. H. Commissar of Aber.*

Mr. Nichol or Nicholas Hay, commissary of Aberdeen, and Professor of Civil Law in the University and King's College of Aberdeen, about the end of the sixteenth century. "Multum et prolixè commemorandus esset vir illustrissimus Nicolaus Hayus, Synodi Aberdonensis actuarius, postmodum etiam Officialis seu Commissarius Generalis, ut vocant, qui et minoribus egenis in Collegio manentibus, et senioribus emeritis in Ptochotrophio agentibus, liberalitatem suam extremis tabulis commodavit." (A. Strachani Panegyricus Inavgvralis in Benefactores Academiæ Regiæ Aberdonensis, p. 29. Aberd. 1631.)

15. *Dialogue vpon the Vertuous and Right honourable Sir Thomas Gordon of Clunie, Knight.*

Father of Sir Alexander Gordon of Cluny, above mentioned. He was the son of John Gordon of Cluny, by his marriage with Margaret Gordon, daughter of Gordon of Cragcuillie. He succeeded to the family estates in 1586, and died about the year 1606.

The family of Cluny was descended from the third son of Alexander, third Earl of Huntly.

In the contemporary poem written upon the Battle of Belrinnes, or Glenlivat, and published by Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in 1837, under the title of "Surgundo," Sir Thomas Gordon of Cluny is thus mentioned :

"And next to him wysse Clunie's coullors flies
Which a bright horned crescent signifies;
Cluni in strength and courage both excelles
Whose counsells Nestor lyke ware oracles;
His ensigne sixtie gallants brought along," &c. &c. (p. 29.)

16. *Vpon the death of the honorable Ladie D. H. B. L. Essel.*

Dame H B lady Esselmont, it is presumed. If we could suppose the "H" a blunder for a "K," the initials might stand for Katharine Bruce (daughter of Patrick Bruce of Pitcullo) wife of Mr. Alexander Cheyne of Esselmont, commissary of Aberdeen.

17. *Vpon the honest and vertuous, Ag. Chal.*

Probably Agnes Chalmers. There were several ladies of that name, about the time, of the houses of Balnacraig, Strichen, &c. &c.

18. *Vpon the Right Honourable A. I. of Drum.*

Alexander Irvine of Drum died about the year 1603. He married Elizabeth Keith, daughter of William Earl Marischal, by whom he had five sons and four daughters. His eldest son, who succeeded him, was commonly known by the name of "Little Breeches," and made large bequests for the maintenance of the poor, and the encouragement of learning. The family of Drum dates from the revolution under King Robert Bruce; and in the early years of the seventeenth century it was the most powerful house in Aberdeenshire, under the rank of nobility. It suffered greatly for its adherence to the Royal cause in the struggle of the great Rebellion. The Tower and Place of Drum were taken by Argyle after a short siege. The tower is still one of the finest specimens in Scotland of the castellated architecture of the fifteenth century.

19. *Vpon that Honorable and Worthie Gent. M. Patrik Cheyn of Rainstone.*

Mr. Patrick Cheyne of Ranniestown, a cadet of the house of Essilmont, died in the year 1603 or 1604, leaving a son, Thomas. Mr. Patrick was a burgess of Aberdeen, and bailie of the town, in which capacity he figures as one of the Royal commissioners for the trial of a swarm of witches, between 1592 and 1600. See the Spalding Club Miscellany, vol. i. Upon the 28th of July 1604, Thomas was served heir of his father, Patrick, in the lands of Ferryhill, Ailhouse, and Smeddies Croft, in the Parish of St. Mauchar, and County of Aberdeen.

20. *At the death of the right honourable Sir J. Wischart of Pettarro Kn.*

Sir John Wischart of Pitarrow, knight, in the shire of The Mearns, succeeded his father in the year 1585, and died in the year 1607, being succeeded by his son Sir John.

21. *To a Courageous Young Man William Keith, who for his Countries honour slew an Englishman and suffered for the same.*

Upon the 19th of February 1608, William Keith, son of Alexander Keith of Auchquhirk, met one Thomas Colstoun, an Englishman, in the house of Grissel Russel, in Burntisland, and quarrelled with him over his cups; Colstoun having left the hostelry, was soon afterwards met on the shore of Burntisland by Keith, who, drawing his sword without further ceremony, stabbed the "Saxon" under the left breast, which caused his immediate death. The "courageous" assassin was immediately apprehended, and brought before the Court of Justiciary on the 28d of February following. He was defended by Mr. John Russell, but without success, as the jury very properly convicted him, and he was sentenced to be beheaded at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, and his moveable effects were escheated (forfeited) to his Majesty. See Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. ii., p. 339.

22. *To the Cittie Aberden at the death of Jho. Fo. Ba.*

Probably John Forbes of Barnes.

23. *Vpon the death of the Worshipfull M. Alex. Cheyn Commisser of Aber.*

Mr. Alexander Cheyne, commissary of Aberdeen, and rector of the parish church of St. Mary ad Nives, died in 1592. He was the son of Mr Lawrence Cheyne, commissary of Aberdeen, by his marriage with Margaret, daughter of William Troup of that ilk. He himself married Katharine, daughter of Patrick Bruce of Pitcullo, by whom he had issue.

24. *Vpon his louing, deere and Courteous friend, Pa. Q.*

Perhaps Quyt or Whyte. On the 3d of February 1595, Mr. William Quyt was served heir of his father John, "in umbrali bina parte Villæ et terrarum de Cowburtie infra Baroniam de Philorthe." There was, at a later date, an Alexander Quyt or Whyte, Regent in the new College of Aberdeen.

25. *To his Majesties great Commissioner G. E. Marshall Lo. K. and Altrie.*

George, Earl Marischal, Lord Keith and Altrie, founder of the Marischal College at Aberdeen.

26. *Alex. Rupeo. Suo. S.*

Alexander Craig of Rosecraig, author of the "Poeticall Recreations." In 1606, there was published in London, "The Amorse Songes, Sonets, and Elegies of Mr. Alexander

Craige, *Scoto-Britane*," Black letter, 8vo, 84 leaves. Of this very rare volume there is a copy in the Bridgewater Library. See Catalogue by J. P. Collier, Esq., p. 71. In 1609, there was printed in small quarto, at Edinburgh, by Thomas Finlayson, "The Poetical Recreations of Mr. Alexander Craig of Rosecraig," pp. 32. A copy of this is in the library of my friend Mr. Maidment. An edition was printed at Aberdeen in 1623, 4to. Mr. Pitcairn has a copy of the *Aberdeen* volume of poems, which is quite distinct. There is in the British Museum another volume by the same author, entitled the "Poeticall Essayes." London, 1604, 4to.

27. *Vpon the honourable gentleman John Da. and John Sibalds of Kair.*

On the 16th November 1649, David Sibbald was served heir of his father, James Sibbald of Kair, in the barony of Mandynes, in the county of Kincardine. James was probably the son of John.

28. *To the Ghost of the most noble Ladie, Ladie Elizabeth Gordon Countesse of Dunbar.*

This lady, whom the peerage writers call Catherine, was the daughter of Gordon of Gight, (and alleged by Protestants to have been the granddaughter of Cardinal Beton.) She married Sir George Home, created Earl of Dunbar in 1605.

29. *To the most accomplished and most noble Earle George Earle of Anzie, L.G. &c.*

George Gordon, Earl of Enzie, Lord Gordon, &c., afterwards second Marquess of Huntly. He is commemorated in the verses of Dr. Arthur Johnstone: see his *Poemata Omnia*, pp. 354, 355, 356, 416-420. He is said himself to have written Latin verses; and we know him to have been a generous patron of letters and learned men. Two of his sons, George Lord Gordon, who fell at the battle of Alford in 1645, and Lord Charles Gordon, afterwards first Earl of Aboyne, have left verses of some merit. The Marquess himself, after a singularly unfortunate career, was beheaded at Edinburgh by the rebel Parliament in 1649. The allusion in the last line of the sonnet, is to the two principal seats of the Gordons: the Bog, or Bog of Gight, now Gordon Castle; and Strathbogie, now Huntly.

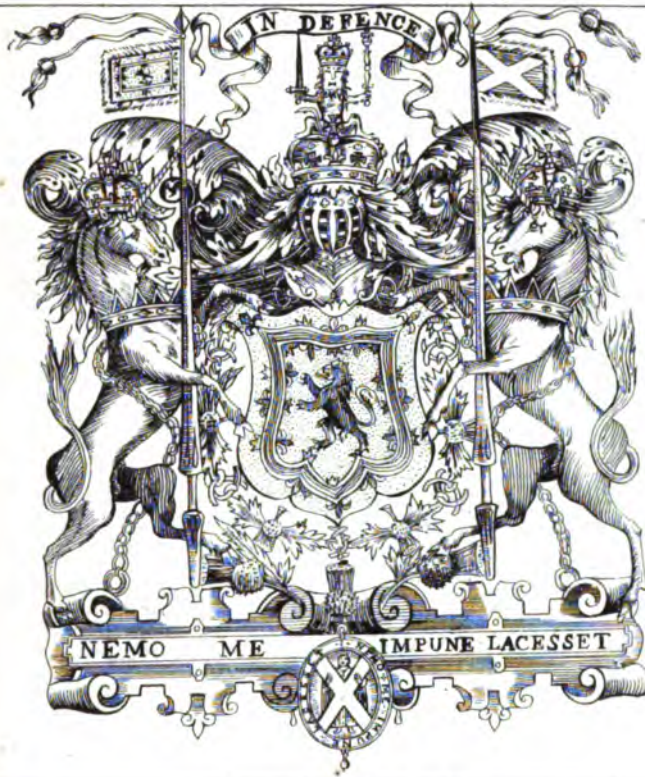
30. *To the most honoured Ladie, The Ladie Clunie.*

The first wife of Sir Alexander Gordon of Cluny, a daughter of Urquhart of Craigston, better known as the Tutor of Cromarty, and, says his fantastic kinsman, Sir Thomas Urquhart, "over all Britain renowned for his deep reach of natural wit, and great dexterity in acquiring of many lands and great possessions, with all men's applause."

THE
T H E A T R E
OF THE
Scotifh Kings.

By *ALEXANDER GARDEN*,
Profellor of PHILOSOPHY at *Aberdeen*.

Done from the Original Manuscript.



EDINBURGH,
Printed by JAMES WATSON, and Sold at his Shop, next
Door to the *Red-Lyon*, oppofite to the *Luken-booths*. 1709.

TO

The Kings most Sacrat Maiestie :

MEERE Great, more Gracious, and most Sacrat
Syr,

The basest Bas, of thy best Subjects brings :
Heir humblie prostrat, and presents Thee Thir
Inscriptions curt, and this Compend of Kings :
Full of thair famous Fa&ts, fair Faits, or Fall,
A Hundreth, Syr, and Six, th' Ancestors all.

REID in the Royal Register of Kings,
Thair vived Vertues, Witt, and Worth in Warrs :
Thair Grace, and Glorie, in thair Gownings,
Tho Some wer straighted with finistrous Starrs :
Then quintessence yow Syr and drawe what's due,
For to be fled, or followed by you.

SO shall the Strong of Strong's, your State sustane,
Protect zour Persone, prosper your Proceeding :
Your Monarchie in Maiestie maintane,
And satle it so, wnto your Sone succeeding :
When you ar past, for to Posses before Yee,
A Croune more great, nor Croun's of Gold; of Glorie.

To

To the Reader.

I *SETT before thy fight, and Censur syne,
This Compend of our Cronicles and Kings,
A field more fitting Maro's Muse, nor myne,
Theatre-like, arrayed with Royal things :
Where none but Princes Personats, and Playes,
Kings temperat, or Tyranns in their dayes.*

*FRIEND tho thou find, into this Frame defect,
And all noght sweetlie season'd to thy Senses :
Perpend, and use, bot spare for this respect,
My Epitome, it purposes of Princes :
And tho the maker thou mislyk, zit love,
And for the Subiects sake, my Pains approve.*

T O

Alexander Garden *Author of the*
Theatre of the Scotish Kings.

G*LAI*DE may the Ghost of great Godfredo be,
Whose Praise gold-tongu'd Torquato Taffo sings :
Yit thair great Ghostes may glader Joy of thee,
That thair Renouns thus to Remembrance brings.
For lo, thy monting Muse with Verse-wrought-wings,
Detombs, Intomb'd long sence, thy Countrie Kings.

THE

THE
T H E A T R E
OF THE
Scotish Kings.

Fergus the Firſt,
King of *SCOTLAND*,

*Rang the Yeer befor Chriſt 380, and Rang 5
Yeers.*

TH E firſt Founder and the lawfull Lord,
The Roiall Roote, Stock and th' Imperial
Stemme,

Firſt gave our Lawis, this Countrie firſt decoird,
And did adorne It with a Diadem :

The boaiſting *Britons*, with his Force, he frights,
And firſt Contracts and Comprimitts with *Pights*.

Boece 3 Book of
his Chronicles p.
3.

W I T H Favoring, and with a friendlie Fate,
His Deeds, his Foes from his Dominions dreave :
His Sword ſecur'd, his Sceptre and Eſtate,
And muche enlarg'd, It, to his Line, did leave :

Yet whom no Pow're nor Praſeis, could ſupprife,
Undone and drownd, in th' *Iriſh* Deeph, he dies.

Io. Maior de Ge-
ſtis Scot. l. 1. f. 18.
Ihon Ionst. in In-
ſcrip. Reg. Scot.
fol. 1.

B

Feri-

Ferithare, 2^d King,

*Rang the Yeer befoir Christ 305, fra the begining
of the Kingdome 26, and Rang 15 Yeers.*

KING *FERGUS* Valor and his Vertues rare,
Great Fortitude, Wit, Justice and Ingine,
Now maks thy Fame, more famous, *FERITHARE*,
Since in thy A&ions, thay assembled shine :

Boece 2d Book
cap. 2.

Hee rulde befoir, by Right, be Reason Thou
The Scepter fwayes, and dois governe it now.

THOU Rang in Rest, and holilie Thou held
Thy vowed-Word, and when th' Invious wold
True Vertue wrong, Thy Power thairs Repeld :

Io. Iohnst. p. 2.

Vertue, in vane, is curbed or controld :
For when it is molested most, the more
It waxes then, it dois extend and store.

Mainus, 3^d King,

*Rang befoir Christ 291, frome the begining of the
Kingdome 41, and Rang 25 Yeers.*

O NOBLE Prince, Preordain'd to Impire,
Come move the Mace now of thy banisht
Brother :

Whose Naughtie and Inordinat Desire,
Tint him his Crowne and Countrie both together.

Boece 2d Book
cap. 3.

How different is, to his unnatural Deeds,
Thy quiet Course, that to his Seat succeeds.

THOU

THOU came with Peace, and into Rest thou Rang,
Thou lov'de Religione, tho' thou lackit Light :
Thou Cherish'd Vertue, and thou chasteifd Wrang,
And ruld thy Regne, according to the Right :
So as into thy Days appeired plane,
The golden Aige, to be return'd agane.

Io. Iohnst. p. 3.

Dornadilla, 4th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 262, fra the begining of the King-
dome 70, and Rang 28 Yeers.*

A PRINCE to Peace, and Quietness inclinde
He sceptered with Pleasure and with Peace,
But all Ambitioun or a mounting Mind,
He calmly did command in euerie Cafe ;
No foraigne Foe, no home-bred Limmer left
That in his Raigne, the common Rest bereft.

AMIDS the Peace, to Hunt and Pastime prone
For Hunting-laws and Ordors he ordains :
Which nought the les, so many Aiges gone,
As yet among our Montane Men remains :
In that same force, full Vigor and Effect
As when King *DORNADILL* did thame direct.

*Boece. Book 2.
cap. 4.*

O HAPPY Regne, O King more happy Thou
Who Peace possesd and stird thy State but strife ;
To th' auntient Kings, to be preferred now,
That in excessse, but labours, led their Life.
From which corrupt, excessive Pleasure springs,
Confusioun of Countries, and of Kings :

Io. Iohnst. p. 3.

Bothak, 5th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 233, fra the begining of the King-
dom 98, and Rang 20 Years.*

WHEN first he got the Helm into his Hand,
And was Ele&t, and calld into the Crowne :
He did deface the Laws into his Land,
Boece 2d Book cap. 5. His subjects flew, dispatched, and pat downe :
His mightie men, or thame in Prison putts,
And with thair Goods, his Greedines he glutts.

THIS leprous Life with Perfidie he fand,
Th' Eternal Truth, unpunish'd spaird not than
Nor suffred fuche, a State-distroier stand,
That plaide much more, the Montre nor the Man :
Io. Iohnst. p. 4. For as his Life was loathsome that he Leiv'de,
So more reproachful his Departure preiv'de.

Bewther, 6th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 213, fra the begining of the King-
dom 118, Rang 26 Yeers.*

A Prince as young, so he imprudent proov'de,
Before his Knowledge, to his Crowne he came :
Boece 2d Book cap 6. Be *Dovalus*, a Man ambitious moov'd,
Who all infested with a factious flame :
And bred a bloodie and intestine Strife,
Where *Dowall* died, and many lost their Life.

THIS

THIS Prince near funck in those seditious Seas :
Faught contrare both his Fortune and his Foes :
And after oft times tried Extremities
To th' *Isles* and *Ireland*, for Refuge he gois :

From whence he comes, with his confedrat *Pights*, Io. Iohnst. p. 4.
And gainst his Foes, with better Forton, fights.

Rebda, 7th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 187, fra the begining of the King-
dome 144, and Rang 14 Yeers.*

THIS Peacible, Just and Politick Prence,
His Countrie-men to Honor first invents :
Who stoutlie fought, or deit for her Defence,
With Obelisks and Marble Monuments :

No Writt, nor Letters, wes Invenit then,
For to preserve thame, be the Pres or Pen.

Boece 2d Book
cap. 10.

H' abhor'd Debait, Thingis ruin'd he erects
And Lator was, of many findrie Lawes :
He grac'd the good Men and the wicked wrecks,
Then to his Countrie cunning Crafts-men drawes :
To teach her skill in Artificial Things,
And then the Crowne to *THEREUS* he resigns.

Io. Major lib. 1.
f. 18.

Io. Iohnst. pa. 5.

Thereus, 8th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 171, fra the begining of the King-
dome 158, and Rang 12 Yeers.*

A Prince appeiring good when he began,
But Hipocreit, soon after fix Months He :

With

With ane louse Raine, t' Unrighteousnes he Ran
And plainly pra&eis'd all Impietie :

*Boece 2d Book
cap. 11.*

Drunk with Desire of Murder and Mischiefe,
And with Delight, of Lust, beyonde Beleefe.

BUT lo his Lords, that could not byde nor beare,
The burden of his Tirraneis extreame :
That pitiles he pra&eis'd heir and theare,
But sence of Sinne, or ony fight of Sheame :

Io. Iohnst. p. 5.

Thay caught the Croune, and he affraied flies
In *Britane*, whair exild, distres'd he dies.

Josine, 9th King,

*Rang befor Christ 161, fra the begining of the King-
dome 170, and Rang 24 Yeers.*

A GENTLE King, addi&ed and dispois'd
To come to Knowledge in the Phisick Arte,
Whairin he much delighted and rejoisde,
And (thought a Prince) by Pra&eis proovde exparte :

*Boece 2d Book
cap. 12.*

And likewise those in Veneratioun hild,
That then war known, into that Calling, skil'd.

WHILL he Impires, his People Peace posselt,
And wes not with, tempestuous Troubles toft :

Io. Iohnst. p. 6.

Whairfoir amidft this Quietnes and Rest,
His Subje&s us'd, his Exercise almost :

A Prince that did deserve farr better daies,
Then those vnlearned to exprefs his praise.

Finnane,

Finnane, 10th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 137, fra the begining of the King-
dome 194, and Rang 30 Yeers.*

NO wracking Warr, no Battell, nor Debate,
Oppreffioun, Hostilitie, nor Wrong
Did once disturb this Countreis quiet State,
Whill as the Fortunate King *FINNANE* Rang :
The Citie, Court, the Cloun and Common-Weell,
Alike they did, this Heav'nlie Favor feele.

*Boece 2d Book
cap. 13.*

THE former Princelie Power he impaires,
And limitats it, to perpetuall Lawes :
That no King shall, that dois succeed his Heyres
Conclude but Counfall in the common Cause :
Tak Peace, nor Battell bid, upon Debates,
Without a Statute of the Thrie Eftates.

Io. Iohnst. p. 6.

Durstus, 11th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 107, fra the begining of the King-
dome 224, and Rang 9 Yeers.*

O WHAT a Peft, and Prince profane he proved
This diffolute King *DURSTUS* in his Daies :
For all the Lords his Father *FINNANE* loved
He carcerats, or inhumanelie Slaies.
And Butcheour-like, his Subjects kind he kills,
So all his Land, with Facts infamous, fills.

*Boece 2d Book
cap. 14.*

THIS wicked Sone of such a Virtuous Sire,
Knowne for a King, by nothing but the Name :

Un-

Unworthie of Advancement or Impire,
In. Iohnst. p. 7. Or t' have the Dignit' of a Diademe :
 Is for his Life, polluted and profane,
 Be Insurrection of his Subjects, flane.

Ewin I. 12th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 38, fra the beginning of the King-
 dome 233, and Rang 19 Yeers.*

HOWSONE he was installed in his Throne,
 He was the first, that fought this Subjects Oathe ;
 Into his Castell called *Beregone*,
 Of thair Alleageance, Loialtie and Trothe :
 Yit laugh-ful wes, and loving his Defire
 But purpose by plane Power to Impire.

Boece 2d Book
 cap. 15.

HIS Life he led, conforme unto the Law,
 He woundit Vice, and Vertue he advanc't :
 He lov'de his Lords, and yet held them in aw,
 All Knaverie he correctit as it chaunc't :
 And never yit the great Trespassfour spair'd,
 Nor left the wise and worthie but Rewaird.

In. Iohnst. p. 7.

HE did supplee and help the Poor-mans Harmes,
 Support the *Pights* and beat the *Britons* bold :
 And so he was both excellent in Armes,
 (As wes his Princelie Prediceffors old)

Boece 2d Book
 cap. 15.

And into Peace and Government to None,
 (To be postpon'd) preceeding him and gone.

Bastard

Bastard Gillus 13th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 109, fra the begining of the King-
dome 252, and Rang 2 Yeers.*

A BLOODIE Beast, who be his Fraude and Force,
With *EWIN*'s Goods, unto the Throne attanes :
Which got with Wrong, he hes Governed worfe,
And gave, to Rancor and his Rage, the Raines :
For on the Prince Posteritie he praies,
And under Truft, two Innocents Betraies.

Boece 2. Book
cap. 16.

BUT look how for his Levdnefs at the lengthe,
Th' Estates concludes, and err he knew Inclofde
Him in *Dunstaffage*, his esteemed Strengthe,
And thair him from all Princelie Pow'r depos'd :
But he escapes, and is to *Ireland* hounded,
Whair he is follow'd, Foughten and Confounded.

Io. Iohnston p. 8.

Ewin II. 14th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 77, fra the begining of the King-
dome 254, and Rang 17 Yeers.*

THE *Hebrid* Iles, that with Debaites abounded,
My Powar pacified, and pat to Rest :
And *Balus* that his Easterne *Orchards* hounded,
To Sack and Spoile my Province, I Represt :
In fine, himfelfe I urg'd and straited so,
That he became his proper Burreo.

Boece 2. Book
cap. 17.

THEN when I had those *Orcadens* subdew'd,
And *Balus* Bands disperft and put to Chace,

C

And

And Fedracie with Nightbours I Renew'd,
And then my Principalitie and Place :

Io. Iohnst. p. 6. To *EDERE DURSTUS NEPOT* I dimitt,
The neirest Heire and laughful Lord of it.

Eder, 15th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 60, fra the beginning of the King-
dome 271, and Rang 48 Yeers.*

THROUGH marvallous and maine Perrills past,
Preserv'd be secret Powars it appeer'd :
Calamities oreum he cam at last,
And worthlie the Roiall State he steer'd :

Boece 3d Book
cap. 1.

Ané Excellent, a Stout and Prudent Prence
At Home the Hope, a Fielde the firm Defence.

TH' unquiet Iylls yit boasting to rebell
He boldlie beats, and to obedience brings :
And prudentlie with Powar did propell
From his, Incurfions of the Nighbour King's.

Io. Iohnst. p. 8.

So, as of *Cæsar*, weel of *EDER*, than,
It might be said, he Went, he View'd, he Wan.

Ewin III. 16th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 12, fra the beginning of the King-
dome 319, and Rang 7 Yeers.*

HOW far deflecting from his Father's forme,
(A continent and uncorrupted King)

His

His leachrous Son lieve lawless and enorm,
And prov'de a Pump, Ponde and polluted Spring.
Of sensual and every other kynd
Of loathsome Lust, that filthy Flesh can fynd.

A HUNDREDTH Hours, seems insufficient,
Most horrible and inhumane to heir
His carnal Concupiscence to content,
Whairby his Disposition did appear :
Detestable, and Doggish into that
Oft surfetting, yit never faciat.

Boece 3d Book
cap. 5.

WHO ever red of fuche a monstrous Man
Who monstrously, maid many monstrous Lawes :
Which manie Yeers, nor Skill nor Cyning can
Get abrogate, fuche Sinne, so sweetlie schawes :
Yet Vertue once, purg'd of those Lawes this Land,
And he in blood, deit by a childish Hand.

Io. Iohnst. p. 9.

Metellane, 17th King,

*Rang befoir Christ 14, frome the begining of the
Kingdome 326, and Rang 39 Yeers.*

A HUMBLE Prince, Just, Merciful and Meek,
Prest to repaire, Abuse born with befoir ;
And all his Time most seriouſlie did seeke,
All notabill Enormities, to smoir :
This happie Prince, in all blot that was then,
Resistd by Lewde and Licentious Men.

Boece 3d, fol. 25.

YIT still those Laws of Lust he disallowed,
And punish'de Vice, Impietie and Wrong :

10. Iohnst. p. 10. Notorious and sensual Sinns h' eschewed,
 And when the World, had Rest all where, he Rang.
 An. Regn. 10. More fortunate, nor anie King beforene
 For in his Days, the great King *Christ* was borne.

Caratack, 18th King,

*Rang the 35 Yeer of Christ, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 365, and Rang 20 Yeers.*

THIS painful Prince, Adwentrous and Wife,
 (If fortunate,) most full of Fortitude :
 The *Romans* Pride and Power did despise
 And thair Attempts with stoutness still withstood :
 Boece 3d Book Whill Treacherie in Trust that oftentimes stands
 esp. 7. Betraide, and puts him in Ostorious hands.

CARRIED to *Rome*, betraied, not o'rethrowne,
 Whair greater grew the Greatness of his Glorie ;
 Thair, for a King of Courage, he was knowne,
 And so renowned in the *Roman* Storie.
 10. Iohnst. p. 10. Tane as a Foe returned as a Friend,
 At Home, with Honour had a happie End.

Corbred, 19th King,

*Rang the 55 Yeer of Christ, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 385, and Rang 18 Yeers.*

THIS Knightly *CORBRED* to the Crown
 ele&ed,
 His Ilanders unquiet, fierce and bold ;

Re-

Rebelling then Couragiouſlie Correc&ed
And all their Courſes, croſſed and controld :

Juſticiars and Good Men he regarded,

And Villanous, ay as they wrong'd, Rewarded.

Boece 4th Book
cap. 1.

THE *Romans*, Robbers of all wthers Right,
And whilſt they Rang, the Conquerors of Kings ;
They ſand his Force and Furie in the Fight
Thought Fates, from Him, to Thame th' Advantage

Vrings :

His proves ſ yit, ſo ſtout a part it playes,

That he in Peace did leave his leatter Dayes.

Io. Iohnſt. p. 11.

Bardan, the Grofs, 20th
King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chriſt 72, fra the begining of
the Kingdome 402, and Rang 4 Yeers.*

WHILL honeſtly this Hipocreit behav'd,
And bure himſelfe, or like a Lamb did looke :

A good Conceat his Countrie hes conceav'd

But lo the ſame, it ſuddantly forſooke :

When *Nero* like, regardless he did rin,

And ſank himſelf in ev'ry fort of Sinne.

Boece 4th Book
cap. 7.

TO Traittors, all his Treafure he betaks

And robs his rich Men of thair righteous Goods :

Amongs his great Men Martyrdom he macks ;

And cannot be contented but thair Bloods :

Bot ſeeking to Erute the Roial Seed,

He's ſlain and ſyne diſhonor'd, being deed.

Io. Iohnſt. p. 11.

Cor-

**Corbred II. Sir-named
Gald, 21st King,**

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 76, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 406, and Rang 35 Years.*

INCOMPARABLE, thou Great & Gallant *GALD*,
Prudent in Peace, and Valerous in Warre :
Of th' Ylanders, thou forced for to fald,
Such as deboir'd from thy Obedience darre :
Thy State-effairs, with Forton fair th' effect's,
And some bad Laws, abolishes and brecks.

Boece 4th Book
from the 3d cap.
to the 20.

VICTORIOUSLIE with Valour oft Thou Wan,
When in the Fielde with *Roman* Force thou fought ;
Thou dreave thame from thy Merches ev'rie Man
And lastlie Brockin, to this Bay them brought :
To pray for Peace, to thy Triumphant Troupe,
And to thy Terror-striking-Standard stoup.

Io. Iohnst. p. 12.

Luctack, 22^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 110, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 440, and Rang 3 Years.*

DEGENER'D muche, frome his Forgoers Graces,
A leacher *Luctack*, most polluted proves :
All kinde of Lawes he flouted and defaces,
Martyrs the Best, and Murderers promotes :
Incestuous and for his Vices hated,
As *Galdus* gone, was by Goode regrated.

Boece 5th Book
cap. 1.

WITH

WITH Tigirish Hairte and with a Tyrans Hand,
For greed of Geer, his Princes Blood he spilles :
The loathsome Loade and Leproafe' of the Land,
With Infamie the Air h' inflie&s and fills :
But in effe&ing of his foule&st Fa&s,
A bloodie End this matchle&s Monarch macks.

Io. Iohnst. p. 12.

Mogald, 23^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 113, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 443, and Rang 36 Yeers.*

A PRINCE right stout, he studied to restoir.
And to the pristin Dignitie reduce ;
What, *LUCTAK* leude, confounded haid befoir
And brought into, abhominable Abuse :
And then the *Romans* in a famous Fight,
He has defeated by his Martial Might.

Boece 5th Book
cap. 1.

BOT new-bred Vice his old-born Virtues banish'd,
And he to all Uncleannes did decline :
His vounted Vertues and his Valor Vanish'd,
And then profest all Filthines in Fin :
Yet such an End he suffered and receav'd,
As his Deserts were worthie of and crav'd.

Io. Iohnst. p. 13.

Conar, 24th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 149, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 479, Rang 14 Yeers.*

SEVERUS Wall or *Adrians* some say,
King **CONAR** unab&chedly did brack :

Thair

Thair furneish'd Forts and Forces did effray,
And in their Tents no little Terror strack :

Boece 5th Book
cap. 6.

This active Prince praise worthie was, had nought
His Vices wrong'd the virtuous Warks he wrought.

BOT Luxurie, and many other Ill,
And unto all Deboherie a Desire,
The Graces good unto this King did kill,
And to the Prision pull'd him from Impire.

Io. Iohnst. p. 13.

Where he with shame and sorrow did confoume,
Whill *ARGADUS* Regented in his Rowm.

Ethod, 25th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 163, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 493, and Rang 33 Yeers.*

TH' unquiet Ylls, to Infurrection us'd
ETHODIUS to danton him addressees,
And no Pains spair'd, no Forton he refus'd,
Whill all thair Pride and Powar he repreffes.

Boece 5th Book
cap. 8.

Thair sawadgness, foul Formes and Feritie,
He salu'd with Sharpness and Severitie.

TO fight his Foes he on no Perrill panc'd,
And muche the *Roman* Powars he Impair'd :
The Worthie, Wife and Vertuous he advanc'd,
And muche to cros State-comberers he cair'd :

Io. Iohnst. p. 14.

A Judge seveir and yet a clement King
He wes in all his Regiment and Regne.

Satra-

Satrahell, 26th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 195, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 525, and Rang 4 Yeers.*

KING SATRAHELL when be immodrat Meens
He fought t' assure the Scepter in his Seed :
Made them his Foes that were befor his Freens,
And great Disgrace hes gained for his Greed :
His Nobles all, this his Ambitioun haites,
So stood ill stirrde, the Kingdome and Estaites.

Boece 5th Book
cap. 12.

THIS Hate breeds Harme, and much Commotion
macks,

The King commands be Furie and be Force :
Whairby the Bulwark of Obedience bracks,
And what wes well is verted into Worfs :

But lo ! thir Broills the Crown and Countrie herries, Io. Iohnst. p. 14.
And in thame too, the Prince dispatch'd dois perreis.

Donald the I. 27th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 199, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 529, Rang 18 Yeers.*

THRISE Happie, that the Lord to thee allots
(A Benefite above Beleef) to be,
The first commanding King above the SCOTS
Converted into Chriftianetie :

Which constantie thou studied to extend
And propogat, unto thy Lives End,

Boece 5th Book
cap. 13.

D

THOU

THOU, gracious Prince, with Gravetie, govern'd,
 Yet magnanime and full of martiall Might :
 For to secure and saiff all that concern'd
 Thy Countries State, againes thy Foes in Fight :
 The *Romans* felt, that oft bereft thy Rest,
 What Boldness born was in thy baptiz'd Brest.

Io. Iohnst. p. 15.

Ethod the II. 28th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 216, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 546, and Rang 16 Years.*

A SPRITLES Prence, a Man without a Mind
 Incapable of such a Prencelie Place :
 (As never came of anie Kingly Kind)
 He had no Pairt to proove his Roiall Race :
 And yet to hoord up Substance he Essayes,
 By villanous and manie wicked Wayes.

*Beeces 8th Book
 cap. 17.*

WHEREFORE th' Estaits to help thair Loffes large,
 With Approbatioun, they this Prince deposide :
 And took thameself the Governement and Charge,
 When he was once incarcerate and clofde.

Io. Iohnst. p. 15.

Whair for his Goods and his ungodlie Gaine,
 His Guardians, this puffill Prince hes flain.

Athirco, 29th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 231, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 561, and Rang 12 Years.*

THIS Prince in his Promotion did appeer,
 Enritch'd with Guifts and Roiall Graces rare :
 But

Bot soon this Doubt dissolv'd, this Cloud did cleer,
And they as vaine, evanish'd with the Aere :
And he became both brutish and Prophane,
Unto all Kings, and to thair States, a Staine.

Boece 6th Book
cap. 6.

LIKE Floods renforc'd, in Ribaldrie he rag'd,
A filthie Beast, effeminate, deflour'd,
Unlaughfullie the Young Ones and the Aig'd,
And forcibly the honestest behour'd :
But lo, the Lord upon this Tirran tacks
Revenge, and he himself the Murder macks.

Id. Iohnst. p. 16.

Dathalack, 30th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 242, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 572, and Rang 11 Yeers.*

A CRUELL King, be Craft and be Conftrent
(Nought of the Blood) unto the Kingdome
claime :

And got in Schoe his Senators Consent
Who in thair Hearts did difallow the same :
For they his Platts and Policie suspect,
The whilk in Fine they fand into Effect.

Boece 6th Book
cap. 2.

IN monstrous Sins, without all Faith he fell,
To Witches then and Sorcerers he fend,
Who could be Cunning (as he took it) tell
How both his Life and Regiment should End :

He should be flaine, they to his Servand schew,
And be the same it after tryed Trew.

Id. Iohnst. p. 16.

Findock, 31st. King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 253, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 583, and Rang 11 Yeers.*

DISPOSED well, with all accompleh'd Parts
This Prince had Prudence, Fortitude and Faeth:
Which drew to him, and did exhale the Harts
Of all that right Respe& to Honor haeth:
Of Graces Store, with great and godlie Guifts
Above the Clouds, King *FINDOCKS* Laude
uplifts.

*Boece 6th Book
cap. 3.*

WITH awfull Arms he daunts the *Donaldanes*,
And drowns the Flames of that Seditious Fire:
With Courage and with Knowledge he contanes
In pleasant Peace, all Partes of his Empire:
Yet he, whom Valour never circumveen'd,
Is falselie murdered by a secret Freind.

Io. Iohnst. p. 17.

Donald, the II. 32^d. King,

*Rang the 264 Yeer of Christ, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 594, and Rang 1 Yeer.*

A PREGNANT Prence and of a Stomak
strong
With changing Chance, that oft unftabill stands:
Refifting Force, and in revenging Wrong,
Wnhappilie fell in rebellious Hands:

A

A Fortune far repugnant to the Merite,
Of his Heroick and his Princelie Sperite.

Boece 6th Book
cap. 4.

NO Martial Might but Multitude of Men,
No honest Warrs, nor any Prowess plaine
O'recame this Knightly King : how and what then
Supprif'd unvarrs, not vanquished nor slain ;
And yet how foone his owne Constraint he fees,
Subdu'd with Dolor he depairts and dies.

Io. Iohnst. p. 17.

Donald the III. 33^d
King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 265, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 595, and Rang 12 Yeers.*

MOST truculent and tirranouse the Time,
Before he reft and did usurpe the Regne,
Contaminate with manie cruell Crime,
And so unworthy to be call'd a King.
A Persecuter of the Prence before,
Did then the Peers and Plebeans devore.

Boece 6th Book
cap. 5.

HIS Mind still mus'de on Murder and Mischeef,
Ay fraught with Feare for many foul Offence,
Tormented for his Guiltiness with Greef,
And gnawing of a corrupt Conscience.

Whill *CRATHALINT* with an vindi&ive Hand,
From his Oppression did releive the Land.

Io. Iohnst. p. 18.

Cra-

Crathalint, 34th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 265, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 607, and Rang 24 Yeers.*

THIS civill Prence, religious and good,
A fatal Foe, unto all Feritie:
First boldlie took a beastlie Tirran's Blood,
And next dispatched his Posteritie:

Boece 6th Book
cap. 6.

Then he for Wise and Men of Courage cairs,
For to be Judges in his Countr' Effairs.

BOT whill he hounting his Contentment taks,
The *Pights* thay bred (bot for a Beast) Debait:
Which much Mischief and manie Murders maks,
That troubled thairs, and efter this Estait:

Io. Iohnst. p. 8.

Yet Wisdom stayit, and did restrane this Strife:
And then he led Religious-like his Life.

Fincormack, 35th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 301, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 631, and Rang 47 Yeers.*

A SPRITFULL Prence, illustreous in Armes:
Defate the Rage of *Romans* in his Ire:
He hap'lie helpit all *Octavius* Harmes,
And that perpetuate to his Empire:

Boece 6th Book
cap. 10.

Which *CRA THALINT* his Fortone got before,
Bot by his Martiall Means secured more.

THE

TH' afflicted and confined *Christiane*,
 (So much this Prince did Pietie respect :)
 Be that most monstrous Man *Domitiane*,
 He be his Prencelie Powar did prote& :
 And yet th' illustreous Prince his Storie sayes,
 He past in Peace, and leiv'de his laitter Dayes.

Io. Iohnst. p. 19.

Romack, 36th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 348, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 678, and Rang 3 Yeers.*

BE *Pictish* Strength he strove for the Estate,
 Acquir'd with Wrong, did wickedly governe :
 Envy to Armes, he adds to Blood Debate,
 To make the Troubles of his Time eterne :
 Yet faultie he, his futur Fall so fears,
 That in Exile he hounds the Roiall Heyres.

Boece 6th Book
 cap. 12.

THE fained Face of Justice he did schaw,
 And did pretend to play the prudent Prence :
 Yet sacrafeiz'd his Lords without a Law,
 And wafted all Things with his Violence :
 He th' Earthlie did, and Pow'rs Divine dispise,
 In *Pentland* slane, thairfore condignely dies.

Io. Iohnst. p. 19.

Angusean, 37th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 321, fra the beginning of the
 Kingdome 681, and Rang 3 Yeers.*

AT Rest the Realme, put from King *ROMACK's*
 Rage

The

The Regne by Right got this *ANGUSEANE*:

Prone unto Peace, and singularlie sage,

A Martiall yet, and mightie Myndit Man:

Boece 6 Book
cap. 13.

Not raschellie rais'd, bot iustlie if commov'd

His Patience, implacable it prov'd.

THE *Pights*, throw Pride, they did perturbe his Peace,

Whom he was loath to fight withall: bot when

Refused was the Offer of his Grace:

Io. Iohnst. p. 30.

H' orecaim thair King, and manie of thair Men:

They nought content with this, would fight againe,

Whair much was lost, & both the Kings war slaine.

Fethelmack, 38th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 354, fra the beginning of the
Kingdome 684, and Rang 3 Yeers.*

KING *FETHELMACK* preparde vpoun the
Pights

The Prence his Daeth and wther Vronges t' avenge

Thair King he slayes, defates with whome he fights,

And all from thair Incurfiones does Clenge:

Boece 6 Book
cap. 14.

Whereby he bett, and thame o'refett so fore,

That thay thairafter Match with him no more.

WHEN force did faell, than they to fraud did flit,

What Might may not, by subtill Meanes thay mint:

And great effects, thair fell and followes It,

For lo the Prence, thus be thair Traens wes tint:

Io. Iohnst. p. 30.

A constant King, that never had declin'de

From the Conditiones of a Kinglie kinde.

Eu-

Eugenius the I. 39th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 357, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 687, and Rang 3 Yeers.*

WITH confident and with a furious Force,
The Romans, Brittons, and the Pights conspire:
T' eradicat, but Mercie or Remorfs,
And pull from thee a long preserv'd Impire:
And have (thy Name) but Fauor in thair Furie,
All banded, in Oblivioun, to burie.

*Boece 6th Book
cap. 16.*

YET fearlie fought, thou with those Fureis fell,
And all thair Strength, so stoupified and straitts:
That they amaz'd, doubt more with thee to mell,
Whill nought thair Force, but thy vnfreindly Fates
O'rewhelm'd thee fightand with thy hardie Host,
Whairby all lay, and looked as if lost.

*Io. Major Book
1. p. 21.*

Io. Iohnst. p. 21.

Fergus the II. 40th King,

The second Restorer of the Kingdome.

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 404, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 734, and Rang 16 Yeers.*

MOST peerles Prence, all Things defac'd thou fand,
Thy Subjects slaine, and all thy Cities sack'd:
By Fates and Foes, depopulat the Land,
(Wofull to view) all wasted, vrong'd, and wrack'd:
Yet all thow to the former State restoir'd,
That ruin'd wes, and Rage of Warre devoird.

E

THOU

THOU the renowned *Romanes* pat to rowt,
 And thame constraind for Terror Trues to tak :
Boece 7th Book from the 5 cap. to the 11. With strengthie strokes, and with a Stomack flowt,
 Thrise in thrie fights, the *Britons* bold thow brak :
 The *Danow*, *Poo*, the *Rhene*, and *Rhodanus*,
 Haue hard, and knew, thy Virtue Valorus.

THE fates proov'de Friends, to stable the Eftates,
 When *Fergus* first, the Crowne together groft :
Io. Maior lib. 2. fol. 22. Bot thow, againes both Fortune, and the Fates,
 Beconquest IT, deserted, left, and lost :
 And spent thy Sprit, to thy Immortal Fame,
Io. Iohnst. p. 21. Into the Knightlie Conquefs of the fame.

Eugenius II. 41st King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 420, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 750, and Rang 32 Yeers.*

A PRUDENT Prince in Peace, a Wife in
 Warre,
 Deforc't all Foes, the Peace preserv'd with *Pights* :
 The *Britons* streft, and took thame Tributarr,
 And be Condu& of *Grahame*, and gallant Knights :
Boece 7th Book cap. 12. The vondrous Walls, that then our Nation noyit,
 The Keepars kill'd, he dang doune and destroyit.

WHAT *Fergus* laft, with Providence did plant,
Io. Maior lib. 2. fol. 22. With Policie and Powar he perfects :

Then

Then in his Throne, but truble Triumphant,
In Rest his Realme, he ruleth and directs :
The *Germane-Saxons* and the *Cimbre* rood,
He valeantlie all thair Attempts withstood.

Io. Iohnst. p. 22.

Dongard, 42^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 451, fra the beginning of the
Kingdome 781, and Rang 5 Yeers.*

IN Counfall quick, a Prince in fight but feare,
Dispos'd to Peace, yet bold, and *Bellicall* :
Wnto his Brothers Seat, succeeds, and Heire,
Is to his Valor and his Virtues all :
In Peace provides for Varre, the word advances,
And stuffs his Strengths, for after-coming chances.

*Boece 8th Book
cap. 4.*

HIS Tributars, the *Britons* thay Rebell,
With *Constantine*, come to relieve thair Thrall :
His cutting Sword, thair Courage yet doth quell,
Thought too too fierlie fighting he did fall :
To him, and his, that Days great Glorie goes :
Yet dearlie bought, both unto Friends and Foes.

Io. Iohnst. p. 22.

**Constantine the I. 43^d
King,**

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 475, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 787, and Rang 22 Yeers.*

A WICKED King, be nather Fa&ts nor Fame,
For Vertue Noble, Notted nor Renound :

A fenfual Sott, to his Auncestors fhame
Addicted unto Dronkennes : and Dround :

*Boece 8th Book
cap. 7.*

(As can not be reported) into Pleasure,
Immodeftlie, but any Meane or Meafure.

THE *Britons* Bonde, he like a fool has fred,

*Io. Major lib. 2.
fol. 27.*

Without adwife, or wote of wifer Witts :
Reftorde thair Strengths, that ftood his State in fted,
And carelefflie, all Crueltie commits :

Io. Iohnst. p. 23.

But this his Life, in Pleasure fpent profane,
It made an End, in punifhment and paine.

Congall, 44th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chrift 479, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 809, and Rang 22 Years.*

MOST provident, thow prompt and puiffant
Prence,

*Boece 8th Book
cap. 8.*

Of Judgement found, and of a fcharpe Engine :

Approved Prudent by Experience,

Amends the Miffes of King *Constantine* :

Thy Life and Lawes togidder did agrie,

A paffing Praife, perpollent Prince to thee.

THE bloodie *Britons*, and the *Saxons* fet,

*Io. Major lib. 2.
fol. 27.*

To ftreffs thy State, ay as thair Greatnes grew :

Thofe gallantlie thou in two Battels bet,

And then of thir, thou many thoufands flew :

Io. Iohnst. p. 23.

Preferv'd thy Crowne, from forder thair offences,

Then Livde and Deit a Paterne unto Prences.

Go-

Goran, 45th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 501, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 831, and Rang 34 Years.*

FOR Justice great, for Wisdome and for Worthe,
This Noble Prince, is not the least nor last :
Of virtuofs Kings, Renovned in the Northe,
For to be plac'd, and but his Praifs, be past :

With Pow're and Prudence, Roborate his Lawes,
And so himself, a scharpe Justiciare schawes.

Boece 8th Book
cap. 1.

HE with the *Pights*, and *Britons* bold did band,
For *Saxons* sake, he made his Foes his Friends :
Then with Heroick Hardines of hand,
Defate and shamde, thame home to *Saxon* sends :

Jo. Major lib. 2.
fol. 28.

And yet at home, O plague, he be his owne,
Betray'de in Truft, is Muredred and o'rethrowne.

Io. Iohnst p. 24.

**Eugenius the III. 46th
King,**

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 335, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 865, and Rang 23 Yeers.*

THIS Just, most Careful, and Courageous King,
Too raschlie some of Pariceede suspects :
And yet his Life, his Good and Godlie Reigne,
From the imputed Pariceede protects :

Such schew his Faeth, and 's A&ions exellent,
That he, is known, and counted Innocent.

Boece 9th Book
cap. 11.

THE

Io. Maior lib. 2.
fol. 30.

THE *Saxon*-Seed he mightelie molefts,
Aganes the *Britons* he the *Pights* supplies :
And in the fields, thair Forces he infests ;
Whair both King *Mordred* and King *Arthur* dies :

Io. Iohnst. p. 24.

In Peace and Warre, he prompt and prudent prov'd,
Fear'd of the Bad, and of the Best beloved.

Congal the II. 47th King,

*Rang the 558 Yeer of Christ, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 888, and Rang 11 Yeers.*

A ZEALOUS Prince, Religious and Wise,
Most Pitieful, most Provident and Just,
His panes, to Peace and Pietie, applies,
Insuperable, with Awarice and Lust :

Boece 9th Book
cap. 14.

Faeth and Religion in his Land no les,
Nor plenteous Peace, did be his Care, incres.

HE bounteoullie vponn the Church bestowde,
He Pastors, Priests and Preachors did promote :
Offences that his Countries Face o'reflow'de,

Io. Iohnst. p. 25.

He did reforme, more (than with Lawes) be love :
And, as his Priests, led als austere his Life,
Frie from Intestine, and all wther Strife.

Kinnatell, 48th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 569, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 899, and Rang 1 Yeer.*

THIS Prince by old, Experience expert;
(When nought a King) with manie change of
things :

Was

Was worthie and deserv'de to be infert,
Enroll'd and booked with the best of Kings :
Altho the Fates, so doing, did him wrong,
Allow't him nought to Guide nor Gowerne long.

Boece 9 Book
cap. 15.

HE willingly, and uncompelede deposde,
And set himself beside the Roial Seat :
And unto *Aidan* (inwardlie reiofde)
Refigne the whole Constru&tionn of the State.
And vnperurbed in a priuate Place,
He died, and departed into Peace.

Io. Iohnst. p. 2 .

Aidan, 49th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 570, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 900, and Rang 35 Yeers.*

THE good of him, that many Signes presaignde,
And nottable denounced in his Name :
He nather yet a Young Man nor an Aigde,
Did dissappoint th' assuurance of the same :
Bot to his Honor, and his greater Glore,
He hes accomplish'd and performed more.

Boece 9th Book
cap. 15.

THE *Saxons* that, to overthrow him thrifts,
His nighbour *Pights*, to Warre on him inveits :
Bot scharplie he, all thair Assaults refists,
And Hostill Mints, with Martial Might he meits :
So like a Prince, as Valorous, so Wife,
His People in Peace, he Governs whill he dyes.

Io. Maior lib. 2.
fol. 32.

Io. Iohnst. p. 26.

Ken-

Kenneth the I. 50th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 605, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 939, and Rang 1 Yeer.*

NOT like a Prince, bot like a Prisoner,
Or an Immurde, among Monastick Men :
Thow feldome to thy People did appear,
And when thow did, thow had no doing then ;
That worthie wes, to blek a Book, or be,
Penn'd and presented to Posteritie.

Boece 9 Book
cap. 18.

IF fuche as leivs and lurks, leivs well, then thou,
A happie Prence, hes and a blifed bene :
For mongft the Numbers of our Nobles now,
Alone Thou lurkt, and was the latent ane :
Yet better lurk, nor be levd Life, to leave,
A Record of Disgrace vponn the Grave.

Io. Iohnst. p. 26.

Eugenius IV. 51st King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 606, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 936, and Rang 16 Yeers.*

A LEARNED Prince, taught be that holy Sage,
Columba cal'd, the Doctor of these dayes :
A Glorie chief and Honor of his Age,
Adwancer of Divinitie always :
In quietnes, his Kingdome he commands,
And on distrest of anie Neighbour stands.

Boece 9th Book
cap. 26.

HIS

HIS banish'd Foes, he pleasantlie receipts,
Though they were Hethnisch Worshippers of gods :
Taught thame the Trueth, and tenderlie Intreats,
O're Tirrannie, Triumphantlie he trode.

Io. Iohnst. p. 27.

And all his owne State-crosses he conjures,
The common Weell, from Cumber, so secures.

Ferchard the I. 52^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 621, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 951, and Rang 12 Yeers.*

THIS Infidell, foe to the Faith Profeft,
Polluted wes, with all Impietie :
And boldlie he Imbarred in his Brest,
A horrible, and hatred Herefie :

He was Profane, Imprudent, and Pernititious,
Ay Wrongous, Violent, and Vicious.

*Boece 9th Book
cap. 19.*

THE Peoples plague, the poifone of the Peers,
The Perditor, and Pest of all Empires :
Most like a Devile, dispairdlie, Domineer's,
And all the Land, with Tirranie attires :

Bot mark, this Tirrane, torture dois attend,
His brutish Life, bred him a beastlie End.

Donald IV. 53^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 632, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 962, and Rang 14 Yeers.*

A GRATIOUS Son, succeeds this godlie Sire,
And all things finds confounded and defoyld :

F

Yet

Yet he as Prince, and Parent of th' Empire,
Reparde all that Impietie had spoild :

*Boece 9th Book
cap. 20.*

And the Religione faithfullie Profeft,
Most be his Care Incredible Increft.

INTO his Bounds, h' abolishes abuses,
And Justifies, all the Injurious :
North-humber-Saxons, to the Faeth, h' adduces,
A naughtie Nation, fierce and furious :

Io. Iohnst. p. 28.

O worthie Prince, loft by a meer Mischance,
Thy Deeds deserve, a deir Remembrance.

Ferchard II. 54th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 646, fra the beginning of the
Kingdome 976, and Rang 18 Yeers.*

A CRUEL Tirane, and a Tigre fell,
A Monstre that Immanetie mantainde :
A fearfer of the Flesh, an Infidell,
All Do&rine of Divinity disdaind :

*Boece 9 Book
cap. 21.*

A bloodie beast, all Lawes and Justice smoidr,
His Wife first flew, his Daughters fine deffloird.

CURST for those Crimes, he but Remorse remaind,
Impenitent, all proudly he Opprest :
Bot by a Visitation straunge, constraind,
He come to knowledge, and his Faults confest :

Io. Iohnst. p. 28.

Whill yet in him, his Wickedness and Vice,
Is punish't with, devoreing Wormes and Lice.

Male-

Maledvine, 55th King,

*Rang the 664 Yeer of Christ, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 994, and Rang 20 Yeers.*

A MODERAT, yet moovde a Martiall Man ;
Force with like Force, with Pow're he Pow're
Repeld :

No wrong advantage ov're his Valor van,

Nor non by Might vnmatch'd, with him have mel'd :

H' appoints with *Pights*, seduc'd with *Saxons*, thay, Boece 9 Book
cap. 22.
Yet brecks those Bands, with disadvantage ay.

HIS Nighbours thus, to Reason framed conforme,

His States thay strive, and greatlie then disgrees :

Yet with his Trident he did stay that Storme,

And suages soone, the swelling of those Sees ;

Forc't by no Foes, but in his bosome lyes,

Whairby this Daunter of Misdoers dyes.

Io. Iohnst. p. 28.

Eugenius V. 56th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 684, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1014, and Rang 4 Yeers.*

WHEN he wes crownd, with consonant Consents :
With Cunning Craft, with Strength, he
Strength withstands :

Levd Practife he, with Policie, prevents,

And wrongs Reveng'd, with Hardines of hand :

A powerfull and most politick Prence,

Ne're warr't with wit, nor wrong'd with Violence.

Boece 9 Book
cap. 23.

Io. Maior
fol. 34.

TH' insulting *Saxones*, brakers of thare Trues
Be Prudencie, and Proveys in the Plane:
(Tho' *Pights* disperft) he dantones, and fubdues,
And then, thair faithlefs cruell King, hes flane;

Io. Iohnst. p. 29.

And fo Triumphant, ov're the *Pights*, and thame,
In peace poffeft, to deathe, his Diadem.

Eugenius VI. 57th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chrift 688, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1018, and Rang 10 Yeers.*

A LEARNED Prince, taught in the Holy
Laws,

According to the Doctrine in thofe Dayes:

Northumbriane-Saxons, to his Friendfhip drawes,

Which all this time, without Diftraçtioun ftayes:

Boece 9 Book
cap. 24.

Bot with the *Pights*, no meanes his Mind might
move,

To cum t' accord, and league with thame in love,

THERE faithles Formes, and Treafone he detefts,

Therefore on thame, as Traterous he Trode:

And thair Dominions mightelie molefts,

And oftentimes, o'reruns thame with his Roads.

Io. Iohnst. p. 30.

In *Albion* are ftrange and ftupendious things,
Seene in his Time, all ill prefageing figs.

Am-

Ambirkilleth, 58th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 697, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1027, and Rang 2 Yeers.*

THIS King before he come vnto the Crowne,
Appeer'd profest Protector of the Poor :
Bot O how fone, into the Seat set down,
He does that Goode, and calling Just, abjure :
And then into, all filthines does fall,
Drownd into Luft, marrs and mischieveth all.

Boece 9th Book
cap. 25.

BOT now the *Pights*, by his ill rewled Regne,
To truble his State, as fit, this time, they tak :
And in his bounds, thare bloodie Bands they bring,
With violence, all to devoure, and wrak :
Bot lo, he sees no Issue of those Ills,
For in his Campe, one yet unknowne, him Kills.

Io. Iohnst. p. 30.

Eugenius VII. 59th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 699, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1029, and Rang 19 Yeers.*

A RIGHTEOUS Prince, and of the Royal Race,
Robust of Bodie, and of Stomak strong :
Did Temporize, and took with *Pights*, a Peace,
Conformde with Wedlock, that has lasted long ;
His Queen was flaine, and stabbed in his sted,
And he suspect, yet faultles found, was fred.

Boece 9th Book
cap. 25.

H'

H' applide himself, to Peace, and Pietie,
 Repared Churches, and enlarged thare Rents:
 And to encourage his Posteritie;
 To Works of Worthe, and Valor, he Invents:
 To caus collect, in Register, and Rol'd,
 The famous facts, of his forbears old.

Io. Iohnst. p. 31.

Mordack, 60th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 715, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 1045, and Rang 15 Years.*

A HOLY, Happy, and a humble Prence,
 Most Loving, Bounteful, and Liberall:
 By his Discretion, and his Diligence,
 He brought to Peace, the *Albion* Prences all;
 With *Britons, Pights, & th' Englishe* too, from Armes,
 And thay with him, h' a Fedracie confersms.

Boece 9th Book
cap. 26.

THIS publick Peace, in *Albeon*, all whare,
 (Whairof the Revrend *Bede*, his Glorie tells:
 This Prence of will, dispos'd for to Repare,
 All ruind Rowmes, Importonnd and Compells:
 Which he much more Magnificent did mak,
 That Vrong, and Warrs, before he was, did wrak.

Io. Iohnst. p. 13.

Etfin, 61st King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 730, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 1060, Rang 13 Years.*

MY Subje&ts vjde, to Exerceis and Armes,
 To Battell figne, and to the Trumpet sound:
 Frie

Frie from Intestene, and Externall Harmes,
In Peace, and Plentie, all their Bounds abound :

I do dirre&th thame, by my Lawes, and Thay,
(That which I bid, as bound to me) Obay.

Boece 9th Book
cap. 27.

BOT Ag'd in end, I do the Raines Refigne,
And gives to four, th' Authoretie to vse :
Whose Slouth and Slovnnes in there Governing.
Diftru&tionn great, to my Dominions does :

For th' *Ilanders*, stirr'd, by a Tiran strong,
My poore Men spoilles by Violence, and Wrong.

Io. Iohnst. p. 32.

Eugenius the VIII. 62^d **King,**

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 761, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1091, and Rang 3 Years.*

WHAT hardie Prince, darr thow not Interprife,
Offendars all, thy Force, and Furie feill :
Before thy feet, the Limmers liveles lyis,
And at the first, all wifelie went, and weil :

Thy Realme had rest, and thou Redoubted Rang :
(Admird) with Moderating thame among.

Boece 9 Book
cap. 28.

BOT O thy Virtues that, in Perrill spred,
Ar vanishd now, and perished in Peace :
And thou by lawles Lecherie ar led,
From Regall Glorie, into all Disgrace :

Peremptourlie, then punish'd by thy Peers,
As to th' offence, and to thy fall, effeirs.

Io. Iohnst. p.

Fer-

Fergus III. 63^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 764, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1095, and Rang 3 Yeers.*

HIS Façts, his Formes, his Fortone, and his Fine,
Not much debordes, nor grosslie disagrees,
O Infolent, *Eugenius* from Thine,
For both were Wedded into Villaneis :
Hee was most Cruell, Carnal and Unjust,
Thou bloodie and Inebriat with Luft.

Boece 8th Book
cap. 29.

THOU careles of thy Standing and Estate,
Improvident, so levied he, his Life :
And not vnlike, wes both your Fynes, and Fate,
Thow fell perforce, hee by a wronged Wife,
(Her hands, some think) wes strangled, and o're-
throwne,
Syne sche, her selfe, confounded with her owne.

Io. Iohnst. p. 33.

Solvathius, 64th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 767, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1097, and Rang 20 Yeers.*

A WIRTUOUS Prince, that wanted no
Good-will,
T^employ his Panes, to pacif' his Empire :
If nought the Gutt, a weary wofull Ill,
Had cros'd his Care, and his designd desire.
Yet whill he lievde, the Land did not Inlake,
A good Succes, and Fortone for his sake.

Boece 9th Book
cap. 30.

RE-

REBELLIOUS *Bane*, the Captain of *Kintire*,
He does Debell, and in Subjection bring,
That by a vane Presumption did aspire,
Wnlaughfullie for to become a King.
This Infurrection raised and repest,
He rang Obeyit, his Remanent, at Rest.

Io. Iohnst. p. 33.

Achatus, the 65th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 787, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1117, and Rang 32 Yeers.*

EGREGIOUS Prince, farr Famous for thy Facts,
The *Irish* Host, fend to Molest thy Lands,
The wraethfull Winds into thy Waters wracks,
Without the help of anie humane Hands;
Togidder with the Elements and Sea,
The Fates and Fortone, thay do Fight for Thee.

Boece 10th Book
cap. 1.

THAT Covenant, strong League and Alliance,
(Praise-worthie-Prince) perpetuats Thy Fame,
That first thow past with great King *Charles* of *France*,
So stedable, both unto Thyne and Thame:

Io. Maior lib. 2.
fol. 35.

Which yet infring't and permanent senfyne
Still stands, with all the Princes of Thy Line.

Io. Iohnst. p. 34.

Congall III. 66th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 819, fra the beginning of the
Kingdome 1149, Rang 5 Yeers.*

HIS litle Time, he Ruld, his Realme in rest,
With *Pights* the Peace, and Truce he entertanes:
G Whair-

Whairby his bounds were bountefullie Bleft,
And with all Plentie plenished was his Planes :

Boece 10th Book
cap. 6.

No new wproars, nor Rumor of a Riot,
Impeschd his Peace, nor crossed once, his quiet.

Io. Major lib. 2.
fol. 35.

O HAPPY Peace, the Pillor of Empires,
The Grace of God from whence all goodnes growes :
The Sapients, insatiate desires :

Io. Iohnst. p. 34.

And fountane fair, from whence, diffounds and flowes:
Welth, wirtue, witt increfs, content and store,
That Riches Kings, and Countries does decore.

Dongall, 67th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chrif 824, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1154, and Rang 7 Years.*

A WIRTUOUS Prince, yet fingular Seveir,
Th' vnbridled Youth, bent to Rebellion :
That would perforce, Compell th' apeirand Heire,
Befoir the time, to come and claime the Croune :

Boece 10 Book
cap. 7.

He dois prevent, (fo sharplie he provides)
And punishes, thair Principalls, and Heids.

Io. Major lib. 2.
fol. 35.

THE *Pictish* Croune, when he had fend, and fought,
To *Alpine* falne, by ane Maternall right :

Io. Iohnst. p. 35.

The Clame misknowne, his Sute fet all at nought,
Whill as he mynds, to mend him by his might :

The Fates prove Foes, & they this King confound,
For passing Spey, he is borne doune and dround.

Al-

Alpine, 68th King,

*Rang the 831 Yeer of Christ, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1161, and Rang 3 Yeers.*

THUS *Dongall* dround, King *Alpine* all provides,
To pas on *Pights*, (reason refvs'd) perforce :
On whome with all his Regiments he rides,
And thrife he putts thair Warrmen to the worls :
Their Tents he took, thair captane King has flane,
And Vi&tor he, (all maiftred) did remaine.

Boece 10th Book
cap. 8.

BOT whill agane, he does perfew thofe *Pights*,
(Thrise elfe defaite) and them annoyes of new
(Fearing his Force) by subtilltie and flights
Thay took himfelfe, and fine his Hoft orethrew :
Perfidiouslie, then into furie fletht,
Thair laughfull Prince, (thair Prifoner) difpesht.

Io. Maior lib. 2.
fol. 35.

Io. Iohnet. p. 35.

Kenneth II. Victorious, 69th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 834, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1164, and Rang 20 Yeers.*

THIS happy Heroe, with *Hercule'ane* hand,
Ane excellent, chofe Ornament, of Kings :
Dispatcht all *Pights*, that durst his strength with-
stand,
And all thair boundes in his Subiectioun bringes :
Sev'ne times he faught, and sev'ne times in a day
This Worthie went Victorious away.

Boece 10th Book
cap. 9.

Io. Major lib. 2. fol. 35. HIS State unfres'd, from forraigne Foes he fenc't,
 He Rooted out and Rac'de the *Pictish* Race :
 Courageous Knights, he richlie Recompenc't,
 And by his Lawes preserved all in Peace :
Io. Iohnst. p. 35. Wherefoir this Gallant, Great, and Glorious,
 We worthilie furnamed Vi&torious.

Donald V. 70th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 854, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 1184, and Rang 5 Years.*

FORGETFUL quite, of his Awncestors all,
 And of himself, more fensles as it seems :
 H' in greater faults, and filthines did fall,
 Nor goodlie can, be publi&hd or expreem'd :
Boece 10th Book cap. 13. This fleshlie Prince, that nought his place respects,
 His Lieges with, his filthines infe&ts.
 YET forst to fight, aganes the *English* Armes,
Io. Major lib. 3. fol. 38. Once with good fortune did their Pow're Repell :
 Bot lo this Luck, the Vi&tor Host more harmes,
 Then thame Defaited in the field that fell :
Io. Iohnst. p. 36. His Companies, with Courage overcame,
 Bot nather could nor wold, he vse the fame.

Constantine II. 71st King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 859, fra the begining of the
 Kingdome 1189, and Rang 16 Yeers.*

HIS wasted Countries Parent and her Prence ;
 The Prelats Pride, thair Riot and Excess,
 And

And with thair Charges, thair non-refidence,
Reprooves, Condemnes, does Minish and mak lefs :

By daeth (Misdoers) or Indigneties,
With speed he punishes, and pacesies.

Boece 10. Book
cap. 15.

THE *Kimber-Danes* drawne heir into his dayes,
Dispoilde his Poore, depopulate his Lands :
Yet he thair furie, with distruction staves,
Ay whill himselfe, fell in thair Hethnish hand :

Io. Major lib. 3.
fol. 39.

And shortlie flane, by Sauadgnes of sum,
By him befoir, Commanded, and o'recum.

Io. Iohnst. p. 37.

**Æthus the Swift, 72^d
King,**

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 874, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1204, and Rang 2 Yeers.*

THE stagring Standarts, and the Strayed Troups,
With *Constantine*, into the Field Before :
That not to Strength, but change of Fortoune stoups,
He does Collect, Really, and Restore :

Bot sone from Virtue, he to Vice declines,
And so his Glore, and his good Name he tynes.

Boece 10 Book
cap. 18.

HIS Nat'rall Guifts, and manie Corp'rall Graces,
(Ge'ne for his Good) to honour him, Refuses,
Since like a Beast, all bawdrie he embraces,
And bleffings all, bestowde on him, Abuses :

Io. Major lib. 3.
fol. 39.

Whairfore his Peers, Imprifones him, and he,
Disconsolat, does in a Dungeonn die.

Io. Iohnst. p. 37.

Gre-

Gregory the Great, 73^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 876, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1206, and Rang 18 Yeers.*

HOW manie Rare, and Princelie Partes posselt,
Condignly call'd this *GREGORY* the Great :
He first the Church-mens libertie Increft,
And satled from, Intestine Strife, his State :

Boece 10 Book
cap. 19.

He dang the *Danes* and *Britons* bett with bloes,
And twife, two Times, trivmphed o're his foes.

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 39.

HE batters *Berwick*, and that Toune he takis,
And th' *Ireland* Force, that did affli& his Fields :
(Sought throw the Seas) this Bellicose, he braks,
Whill *Dubline* danger'd, to his mercie yeelds :

Io. Iohnst. p. 38.

The King, and Croune, in his protectionn put;
And Concord bot, as he commands, wes knut.

Donald VI. 74th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 894, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1224, and Rang 11 Yeers.*

ANE active Prince, whose manie Martiall Merits,
Hes equald his, to his Aunceftors acts :

Boece 10 Book
cap. 22.

The great King *Gregor* 's hardines, h' inherits,
And nought that may, mak him be Lauded lacks :
TH' Empire in Peace, and prudentlie appaifd
He Knightlie Wife, preferu's at rest vnraifd.

ANE

A NE *Danish* flott, out of his Deephs he drave,
How soone thair coming, to his Coast was knowne :
He th' *Englishe* aides, that his Concurrēts craves,
And punishes, all uproars of his owne :
Triumphant then, Redoubted, and Renovnd,
Hee rests decoird, and with the Lawrell Cround.

Io. Iohnst. p. 38.

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 40.

**Constantine the III. 75th
King,**

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 904, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1234, and Rang 40 Yeers.*

A SIMPLE, and too Credulous a King,
Brought to beleeve, a firen Song too soone :
Which losses large, unto his Bands did bring,
How soone he did, Thame to the *Danes* conjoine :
A Natiōe fierce, foe to the Faeth profest,
(Aganes a Band, with *Britons*) he embrac'd.

Boece 11th Book
cap. 1.

THIS Friendschip fond, confermed with a foe,
Bot waiting vauntage, to revolt and change :
Brought *Britone* Varrs, they brought with thame
thair Voe,

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 40.

Io. Iohnst. p. 38.

A foull Defaitt, and vonderful Revenge :
Whill to lament, the largenes of this los,
His Croune, he with, a frierish Coull, did cof.

Mal-

Malcolme I. 76th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 943, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1273, and Rang 9 Yeers.*

A PRINCE whose Virtue, famous made his
Facts,

His Territors, he but a stroake extends :

All Bands with *Danes*, h' abolishes and bracks,

And *Englishmen*, of Foes, he made his Friends :

Boece 11 Book
cap. 2.

So Fortone flows, her Gloab, so rolling goes,

That now, new Friends, prove now, anone, new foes.

IN the *English* aide, he does the *Danes* defeat,

1o. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 41.

Without respect, or sparing of his Panes :

He castigates, and with correctionn strait,

His Countries youth, from rage, of Error Ranes :

1o. Iohnst. p. 39.

And yet this good King, Ministring his Laws,

His Throat got cutted for his Justice caus.

Indulph, 77th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 952, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1282, and Rang 9 Yeers.*

M Y People Peace, and jointlie I enjoyed,
Tranquility, a fix or sev'n Yeers space :

Restoring things, that former Strife destroyed,

Wnto their old, Integritie and Grace :

Boece 11 Book
cap. 3.

Whill that a hatefull and a Hethnish Host,

The cruell *Danes*, dois kithe uponn our Cost.

THARE

THARE Landing long, I letted whill at laft,
Be fraudulent, a fals, and faingzeit flight :
They come to Colene, and there Anchors caft,
Where I perforce, defate thame in a Fight :
Bot too too bold, without my Bands, or Bak,
Adventring valiantlie, I went to Wrak.

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 41.

Io. Iohnst. p. 40.

Duffus, 78th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 961, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1291, and Rang 5 Yeers.*

THE Savadge [tribes] that Warr could newer vinn,
No Law reforme, Time terrifie, nor Tame :
Affrighted frome, his Roiall Collors Rin,
So, he corrects, and dewlie dantons Thame :
Thair Magicall enchauntments nor thair charms,
Could not preserve, thame from his awful Arms.

Boece 11 Book
cap. 4.

HE th' infolent, and wantone Vagabounds,
To tak thame too a Calling, does constrane :
Or punished, or banished thame his bounds,
Whill savagelie, in secreit he is flane :
And yet behold, continuall Darknefs did,
Mak manifest, his horrid Murder hid.

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 41.

Io. Iohnst. p. 40.

Cullen, 79th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 966, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1296, and Rang 4 Yeers.*

THIS Princelie Parte, allone my Spr'ite posselt,
That I the Countrie from King-killars clengde :
H And

And so that *Donald* with his Doers drest,
That worthelie, I *Duffus* wrong Revengde :

Boece 11th Book
cap. 5.

Bot no mo princelie Properties hade I,
To guard me from a greater Infamie.

Io. Major lib. 3.
fol. 41.

FOR all the Ills, that could infe& the fleshe,

A World of Vice, all fort of sensuall Sinne :

Bvt offering once, vnto my Brest a Bresthe,

I Greedilie, both fought, and foukit In :

Io. Iohnst. p. 41.

Which so polluts, my Persone, and my Sperit,
And maid me last, be Murdered for my Merit.

Kenneth III. 80th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 970, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1300, and Rang 24 Yeers.*

A PRINCE with all the Partes, that may be
Praisd,

Or competent, or comelie into Kinges :

The rooted Vice, in *Cullens* Raigne, he Raifd,

And all abuses, in Obliuionn Bringes :

Boece 11th Book
cap. 7.

And had he nought, fall'ne in a foull offence,
None past before, had proovde a better Prence.

AT *Loncartie* he did destroy the *Danes*,

Io. Major lib. 3.
fol. 41.

There where the *Hayes* thair first great Honor had :

His Kingdome he, in Concord all Contanes,

And did vndoe, thame that Rebellione Bred :

Io. Iohnst. p. 41.

Bot yet a Womans Witt, (the waikest thing,)
Confounds with evnning this courageous King.

Con-

**Constantine IV. 81st
King,**

*Rang the Year of Christ 994, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1324, and Rang 2 Years.*

AS blind Ambition, did induce Defire,
And caufde him crave, and covet to be Cround:
So Petitors, did punishe his Empire,
And it (divided) in diftru&ionn drounde :

Boece 11 Book
p. 12.

Plague, Famen, Force, (this Realme thus Raizde
and Rent,)

Vnhappie Prince, his People, both fpoilde, & fpend.

IN this Intefteine, and no ftraunger Strife,
There Countrie Friends, wes to thare furie Food :
No Straunger, nor, Outlandishe, loft his Life,
Nòr then wes fched, a *Dane*, nor *Britons* Blood :

Io. Iohnst. p. 42.

No all wes thares, and thairfor Juftlie all,
Both King, and Clamers, for thair Faults did fall.

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 41.

Grimmus, 82^d King,

*Rang the Year of Christ 996, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1326, and Rang 8 Years.*

AMARTIAL Mind, placde in a Perfon Strong,
A pleafant Prince, and liberall no lefs :
By *Argadus*, his godlie Labors long,
Contentants quarrels, for the Croune, quiefce :
And he his time, at ease in pleafure paff,
Whill thofe Delights, loft him his Life, at laft.

Boece 11th Book
cap. 12.

H 2

HIS

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 41.

HIS idle Life, allurde him wnto Luft,
Deflecting frome his former Fafchionnes All :
He is become, Injurious and Unjust,
And onlie, to his thriftles Thoughts, is thrall :

Io. Iohnst. p. 42.

Whill *Malcolme Kenneths* Sone, this Tirane taks :
(His Eyes puld out,) then like a Wretche he wraks.

Malcolmus II. 83^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1004, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1334, and Rang 30 Yeers.*

A P R U D E N T Prince, exceeding Panes
employed,

T' vptak Contentiones, in the former Times :
And to reftore, that Tirranie destroyed,
He dois Remit, all fore-committed Crimes :

Boece 11 Book
from the 14. to
the 19 cap.

And caufde thofe things, that leachrous *Grim*
difgraces,
To looke wp livelie with reformed Faces.

THRICE in thrie Fights, the *Danes* defated fled,
And left vnto, his Vi&tor Force, the field :
He in thair Blood thrice boldlie bath'd his Bleid,
And thrife orethrowne, they to his Mercie yeild :

Io. Iohnst. p. 43.

And forc'd, be Battel right and bloodie wounds,
To rander (Reft) all his Fairbears Bounds.

NO Prince preceeding, paf, before his dayes,

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 41.

For Policie, nor Maters Martiall :

More

More worthelie, depoftulats a Praise,
Had not his greedines disgraced all:
Which in his Age, S' infatiat did fchoe,
Whill he at *Glamms*, fell for his Countrie foe.

Duncane I. 84th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chrift 1034, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1364, and Rang 6 Yeers.*

A KNIGHTLIE King, whill he his Ifles corrects,
The fpightfull *Danes*, to spoill him of Empire:
Cam on his Coasts, and thairin boldlie Brecks,
And where they went, all waifts with Force and Fire: Boece 12th Book
cap. 1.
Bot foone thair Pride, he hes Represt, in Parte,
By his A&ivitie in Armes and Arte.

THE Sea, and Sands, the rest of Wrongs Reveng'de: Io. Iohust. p. 43.
And maid his Raigne, from thair Irruptionnes frie:
From Forraigne Foes, his Countrie he hes Clengde,
Bot could not from Cognat Enemie,
Relieve his Life, that looked like a Friend: Io. Major lib. .
fol. 42.
Bot proovde a Foe, and Muredred him in End.

Mackbeth, 85th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chrift 1040, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1370, and Rang 17 Yeers.*

HIS cowering King, he Muredred and Betrayed,
So caught the Crowne, & thus his Greatnes got:
And

And yet eschamde, vncessanntlie Efflayed,
To burie in Obliuionn that Bloot :

*Boece 12 Book
cap. 4.*

By well Governing, and by holsome Lawes,
Some little signes of satisfactionn schawes.

BOT Nurture, Nature past, and he, Repents,

Io. Iohnst. p. 44.

His good, and to his vomited vomeit turns :

He flayes the saikles, and the Innocents,

And still his Brest, for blood it boills and burns :

*Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 42. 43.*

Blood wes the Schott, and Butt of his Desires,
By blood he came, by blood his Spirit Expires.

Malcolme Canmore, 86th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1057, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1387, and Rang 36 Yeers.*

A PRINCE whose Valore, did his Visdome war,
And yet his Witts, his Courage did decore :

His Wit and Valore still Companions ar,

This followed fast, when the wther went before :

*Boece 12 Book
cap. 12.*

Both Witt and Valor, in this King concurre,
To preache his Praise, in stabled State, and Sturrs.

THE Spiritual he, Promotes, and he Reproves,

Intemperance, and all Excessiue Diot :

He measurs by Example and Remowes,

Be praetisid Precepts, from his Realme, all Riot :

Io. Iohnst. p. 44.

The Curfed Lawes, that curfd King *Ewne*,
proclamde,

He Cancellat, Annviled, and Condamnde.

FOUR

FOUR Times he fought, and four times foild his
Foes,

Four times Trivmphde, and four times on his Treffes : Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 43, 44, 45,
and 46.

A Glorious quadruplet Garland goes,

And four times too, home-bred vproars, Represses :

Yet this Trivmphant, by a Traittour trusted,

In desp'rat forme, out through the head is thrufted.

Donald Bane VII. 87th
King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1093, fra the beginning of the
Kingdome 1423, and Rang 1 Yeer.*

THE King by Treason, and a Trick destroyed,
The State of new disconsolat is Croft :

King *Duncanes* Son, this *Donald* cumes, convoyed,
And with the helpe, of his *Norvegeane* Hoft :

Boece 12th Book
cap. 13.

Vpon the Princelie Honors layes his hands,
And Crounde, the Kingdome, Cruellie commands.

BOT Violence and Wrong a Varrand wants,
For what he haid, vsurped bot of late :

More puissant Powre, perverteth and supplants,
And reft his Life, his Honor and Estate :

Io. Iohnst. p. 45.

Ill fatled Bases, thus are bracht and schakin,
And Tirranes ar, be greater strength oretakin.

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 46.

Dun-

Duncane II. 88th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1094, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1424, and Rang 1 Yeer.*

A PROMPT, and Pregnant Prince for Interprife,

Nought Peaceable, nor of politick Spreit :
More fierce in fight, nor in the Counfall Wife,
And more for *Mars*, nor for *Minerua* meit :

Boece 12th Book
cap. 13.

A King, that thought, no Cauſs decidit right,
Bot onlie by, the Fortonne of a Fight.

INCITED by, his Soveraigne Lords deſire,
Concomitat, with Companies, he Came :
And did expell, th' Vfurper the Empire,

Io. Iohnst. p. 46.

And then aſſumde, wnto himſelf the ſame :
Bot his diſloiall Deeds, receavde thair due,
He wes betraied, becaus he tryed vntrue.

Edgare, 89th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1098, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1428, and Rang 9 Years.*

THE ſchowting ſchrill of Trumpets ſounds did
ceaſs,

No Vi&tor Hoſts, the holie Holds profanes :
Thy Provinces, all by thy Panes, had Peace,
Thy Countrie quiet into Reſt remanes :

Boece 12th Book
cap. 13.

Als loveing thow, thee to thy Subjects ſchoes,
As Formidable, and Fearfull to thy Foes.

THOW

THOW double Bands, with nighbour Kings con-
cludes,

Io. Iohnst. p. 46.

So Peace abroad, and thow at home Possesses :
Religion lieves, and in her Beawtie Budes,
And still abowe, all Credit it increffes :

The mightie *Mars*, great god of Warr gewes
place,

*Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 46.*

To Thee the Parent, and the Prince of Peace.

**Alexander, called the
Fierce, I. 90th King,**

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1107, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1437, and Rang 17 Yeers.*

MOST pregnant Prince, plac'd on the front of
Fame,

Famous therefore, thought Nominate the Fierce :
Attingent neer, in Nature and in Name,
Wnto the Vi&or of the Vniversis :

Hee did the Earths, whole Continent commands
And thow thy Isles, Hedge with the Seas and Sand.

*Boece 19th Book
cap. 15.*

ANE Heathen He, a Chrifteane King as Thow,
Thairby that great, Magnificks Matche, and more :
Nought vnto *Bell*, in *Babell*, does thow Bow,
Bot does the true, TRIN-VNITE adore.

Io. Iohnst. p. 47.

Thairfoir more Fortunate and Famous farr,
Nor Monarchs great, or Ethnick Emp'rors arr.

*Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 47.*

Dauid the I. 91st King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1124, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1454, and Rang 26 Yeers.*

A HOLY Prince, as from the Heavens discended,
As God appoints, he Governde and he Guided:
What could Imaginde be Misdone, He Mended,
And prudentlie, all Pertinents provided:
For Policie, and Church nought did Inlake,
That this, or that, Magnifique, more might make.

Boece 12th Book
cap. 16.

WHO to the Church, more bountefull hes bene,
He mightelie, her former Means augments:
That scarce he could his Princelie State fustene,
So muche diminifhde he, the Roial Rents:
He raifed Her, to Ritches and Renoune,
She Sancted him (a fore One) for the Croune.

Io. Iohnst. p. 48.

HE Raignes at rest, thairby Religione rises,
He is enrich'ed, and all his States thay Store:
With Prowidencie, he alway Enterprifes,
And Peace had ay, a dwellar at his Dore:
A happie, Wife, and Just, commanding King,
Had good Succes, in all, and evrie thing:

Io. Maior lib. 3.
fol. 47, 48, 49,
and 50.

Mal-

Malcolme the Maiden,
IV. 92^d King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1153, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1483, and Rang 12 Yeers.*

A FAMOUS Sone, fucceeds his faithfull Father,
Findes and defends, his State from Strangers
Strife :

From his foir-goers good, degenerd Nather,
In Government, nor in a Godlie Life :

He Chaftlie lievde, his vnchast Thoughts he
thralled,

Boece 13 Book
cap. 1.

Therefoir the Virgine King condignlie called.

HIS *Montanares*, of cruell kind, and bold,
Rebellious, of Stomack strong and stout :

Io. Iohnst. p. 48.

There Outrages, he stopped and Controld :

And four times forcde, thame to the Lawes to lout :

Thus did he purches Peace, and Happie He,
Rang with good Fortone and Felicitie.

Io. Maior lib. 4.
fol. 56.

William the Lione, 93^d
King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1165, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1495, and Rang 2 Yeers.*

A HARDIE Prince, and Lione-harted King,
In Battell bolde, and in the Senate Sage :

I 2

Po-

Posterior nought in Guifts, for Governing,
To anie Prince, past in the pretred Age :

Boece 13th Book
cap. 4. to the 10.

A Treasurie, where all the Graces lyes,
A Sobre Prince, a Hardie, Just, and Wife.

WITH diuers Foes, This doubted had to doe ;
With ciuill Cummars, and Commotionnes most :
In Nighbour Broills, sumtimes entangled too,
And Captive tane, once by a Callide host :

10. foliust. p. 49.

Yet spight of Fates, and Fortone, Foes or Friende,
His Enterprises, had a happie End.

10. Maior lib. 4
fol. 57, 58, 59,
and 60.

HE Founded *Perthe*, when *Taye* oreflowing drounde,
His building *Bertha*, statelie, strong and faire :
He built *Arbrothe*, and *Haddingtoun* did found,
And many Lands, on Prelacies did spair.
Whairfoir the Pope, denuncde him or his Death,
Protector, and Defender of the Faethe.

Alexander II. 94th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1214, fra the beginning of the
Kingdome 1554, and Rang 35 Yeer.*

THIS Prince, thought young, zit of a wirking Wit,
With th' *English* Peace, he prudentlie procurd :
Bot scarcelie had, he found the fructs of it,
When they (to wrong and Violence invrde)

Boece 13th Book
cap. 11.

Brak in his Bounds, and marrd all but Remorfs,
Whill he withstood, and drave thame furth, throw
Force.

YET

YET he accords, that People with thare Prence,
And reconferms the Fedracie with *h'raunce* :
Thrie times at Home, His Subjects Infolence,
He chaftizes, both with the Lawes and Lance :
Vnpeaceable, and ill difpofed Spreits,
With Martiall Might, he Matches and he Meits.

Io. Iohnst. p. 50.

Io. Maior lib. 4.
fol. 42. 63. 1, 2,
3, 4, 5.

Alexander III. 95th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chrift 1294, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1597, and Rang 37 Yeers.*

A NOBLE Prince, by meanes of Mar'age he,
With *England* Peace, and Quietnes concludes :
Both in the time of this Tranquillitie :
The *Norces* with, a Flote, into his Fludes :
Arrived, Lands, and filld with Blood his Bounds,
Whill that his Force, thair Furor all confounds.

Boece 13th Book
cap. 19.

THERE Men a Land, at *Larges*, thay ar loft,
Thair Schippes the Vinds and Waters did devore :
So be two Great, calamities, thus croft,
King *Magnus* is compelled to reftore :
And quite the *Ifles*, and *Boote*, and *Arrane* left,
Which laitlie *Acho*, but a Right, had reft.

Io. Iohnst. . 51.

THUS by his Sworde, securde, and fetled fo,
From Straungers ftres, his Standing and Eftate :
He did conforme his Friends, and forft his Foe,
Bot could not Frame, to his effect, his Fate :
For be a Fall, He perishes, perforce,
Born doune a Hewche, with an vnhandfom Horfe.

Io. Major lib. 4.
fol. 63. 67.

Johne

John Baleoll, 96th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1293, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1597, and Rang 4 Yeers.*

A BASS Ambition, and a blind Defire,
His Witts too waike, and Judgement small
did smore :

Boece lib. 14th
fol. 304.

Whill he dispenfd, to Prifon the Empire,
And thrall the Throne, that had been frie befor :
O naughte, Notor, and Ignoble Nott,
Which Time, fall ay, to his Discredit quot.

ONCE he was Crownde, and callde a King, what
then ?

Io. Iohnst. p. 51.

That Honor he, bot with Dishonor held :
Who did promove, and mount him, but the Man,
That both Depoifd, Imprisond and Expeld :

Io. Maior lib. 4.
fol. 68.

Him from Empire, degraded, banifhde, Blam'de,
To live Afflicted, and to die, Defam'd.

Robert Bruce, 97th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1306, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1636, and Rang 24 Yeers.*

THY hazards hard, thy changeing Chance who can,
Or ftranng Eftate, couragious King, declare :
Oft wanquifhed, and Vi&tor oft, thow wan,
And all preferv'd, appeering in difpare :

Boece 14 Book
cap. 8. to the end.

Indomable, the Deftaneis, thow danted,
Old Priviledge, and Lawes fupprefd Replanted.

WHAT

WHAT Fortone did not to thy Fate Befall,
A Fortunate, and most misforton's Man :
And yet Thow wes, Invincible in All,
No Well nor Woe, orecome thy Courage can :

Io. Iohnst. p. 52.

In spight of Foes, and of thy Fortones frowne,
Thy Knight-hoode hes, Reconquished thy Crowne.

*Io. Major lib. 4.
to 75. to the 96.*

THY Brethers blood, defe&ionn of thy Friends,
Force of thy Foes, nor straightnes of thy State :
The Lione-boldnes, of thy breft disbends,
Nor Magnanimit' of thy Mind could Mate:
Fates, Foes, and Fortone forcde, thy Spreit surpast,
And wan thy felfe Vi&torious Lord at laft.

David Bruce, 98th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1330, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1660, and Rang 40 Years.*

MOST Inclite Sone, of that accomplishe King,
The Reconquestor, of his thrall'd Throne :
With thy Promotion, to th' Empire did spring,
Neir Numbres, Annoyances anone :
(To brave the brought) the *Baleoll* begins,
And like *Erynnis*, throw thy Realme, he rins.

THE *Englishe* King, tho by Connuball Bands,
And Alliance, he, wnto Thee was bound ;
Perfidiouslie, Depopulates thy Lands,
And all thy Parts, with wrongous Warrs, does wound :
Thy owne Revolts, thy Fates & Foes, infests Thee,
And Millionnes of Miseries molests Thee.

*Boece 15 Book
cap. 1.*

TWICE

TWICE thow Exilde, and twife Returnde thow
Try'de,

1o. Maior lib. 5.
fol. 104. 5. 6. 7.
8. 9. and to the
112.

T' awenge thy Wrongs, by Manfull Meanes and
Might,

Bot ay thy Weirds, thy Valour thay Invyde,
And crofd thee with Misfortunes in the Fight :
Yet Fortone fafh, to vex thee with all Ills,
Content at laft, thy Storme and Tempeft ftills.

Eduard Baleoll, 99th King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chrift 1332, fra the beginning of the
Kingdome 1662, and Rang 40 Yeers.*

Boece 15 Book
cap. 3.

BY Forrane Force, and by a banifhd Band,
Thy State vfurped, and thy Standing flood :
Wnhappie Prince, thow with a Hoftill hand,
Bereft the Raigne due to the *Bruces* Blood :
Thy bloodie Blade, nor Peer nor Plebane fpairs,
As *Bervicks* Fight, and *Dupline* Field declairs.

1o. Iohnst. p. 53.

THE Kingdom frie, (thow Traittor) did Betray,
And fwore thy felfe, a Slave with thy confent :
Thow maide thy Countrie, to thy Pride a Pray,
A Tigre-harted-Tirrane to content :

1o. Maior lib. 5.
fol. 98. 99. 100.

Bot all for nought, thy Fathers Fate, thow fand,
Disgras'de, Exilde, thow loft, and left the Land.

Ro-

Robert Steuart II. 100.
King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1371, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1701, and Rang 19 Years.*

THE first King *STEWART* that the Croune
possest,
Of *Bancho's* Blood and of the *Bruces* Borne;
The Roote wnto the Race, of all the Rest,
That since the same most worthely hes Vorne:
A Prince in whom in full Perfe&tion Spir'd,
All Royall Wirtues, whill the State he steer'd.

Boece lib. 16th.

Io. Lealy Scot.
Hist. lib. 7.

HIS frequent Foes, that in his Precin&ts fvarme,
And this his Realme, with thair Direptions Rent:
They felt the weght of his Wi&torious Arme,
And heard with Horror of his Hardiment:
His Worth in Warre, and Policie in Peace,
Him-felfe, and his, ev'r gloriously shall Grace.

Io. Maior lib. 6.

Hol. Scot. Hist.
fol. 245. to the
251.

HIS Princely Spirit the Place, his Soul the Seat,
Of Prudence, Prowes, Measure and Remors:
His Mercie much, his Justice Good, as Great,
His Courage Constant, kyth'd wnfiring'd in Force
And all his Guifts, Great, Kingly, Cardinall,
The Graces better, back't and blest Them all.

Io. Iohnst. in In-
scrip. R. Scoto-
ram. p. 54.

K

Ro-

Robert III. 101. King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1390, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1720, and Rang 14 Yeers.*

Boece lib. 16.
from the 347 fol.
to the 350.

A PRINCE for Peace, that had for *Mars* no Mind,
Abhorring Warrs, and all Intestine Strife :
Noght to be Crofs'd, with Kingly Cares Inclind,
Bot loving more, a calme and quiet Life :
A King indeed, and yet in Sho bott fitts,
For to his Brother he the Care Committs.

Io. Lealy Scot.
lib. 7.

Io. Iohnst. p. 55.

WHO alwise on his awne Preferment panc'd,
And muche more Pains on his Partic'lars spent :
Nor (gif applyed well) had well advancd,
The Countries common Good and Government :

Io. Maior lib. 6.
fol. 122, 24, &
125.

Bot his Attempts, all aymed at this End,
How fewer to, the Sovereigne Seat t' ascend.

Hol. Scot. Hist.
from the 251 fol.
to the 256.

BOT this Calme King (crofs'd with his Childrings
Chance,

Of which the Prince in Prison strait, wes starv'd :
The Second sent, with safe Condu& to *France*,
For feare at Home, So to be Shent, and Serv'd :
Is tane and Intercepted on the Seas)
In Silent Sorrow he Confumes and Dies.

James the I. 102. King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1406, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1736, and Rang 31 Yeers.*

GREAT Prince, thy Prudence, prowes and thy
Sprit, O're

O're reach'd all Those, that reigned, when Thow Boece lib. 16. fol. 352, 355, 356, 359.

Raigne :

Thow made Thy might, with Measur'd Mercie, meet,
And sharplie did, revenge Thy Subjects wrang :

In time of Trues, thow wes (that Peace profainde)
In *England*, long a Captive taen, detain'd.

THE Clanns conjurde, Thow danton'd and dejects,
The Altitude, of mony mightie Mindes :
The Colledge, Court of Reason, Thow Erected,
And Seminarie Scooles, of findrie kindes :

And th' *English* than, that with thair Swords,
Thee fhoirs,

Io. Iohnst. p. 56.

Thow Fights, Defaets, and wafts thair Territors.

THY Fate, conformes, with *Cæsar's* in thy Fall,
Tho much discordant were your Qualities :

Hol. Scots Hist. fol. 261. to the 268.

Thy Raigne but Terror, his Tyranicall,
No Tyrannie Thow, tho Truculent he Tryis :

Yet wrong'd alike, Both Violat, and Vounded,
Lay by your fierce & faethles friends confounded.

Boece lib. 16. fol. 35.

James the II. 103. King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1437, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1767, and Rang 24 Yeers.*

BRAUE, Sprited Prince, Thy too too tender Yeers,
Wnrype to Rule, and such a Birth, to Beare :
Into Thy Stats, such Strife Intestene Steers,
That It o'reflowde with Strife, with Force, with Feare:
The Strong contend, yit th' Innocent and Poore,
The Dolor, and, the Damage, they indure.

Lealy lib. 8.

THE Governours, and Guiders of the States,
Of greateft Poure, thy Peers and Palladines :
They for thair Place of Honor other hates,

Io. Iohnst. p. 56.

Then Thefe beleiving to brak Both, Combines :
And Thee as Captive kept, betuixt Thefe two,
And all thair Doing, proves diforder fo.

*Hol. Scots Hist.
fol. 268. to 278.*

NOUGHT by thy Fault, bot by thefe Princes Pride,
A thowfand Ills, into thy Raigne arofe :
And skarfh wes ftopt, the Torrent of that Tide,
When it afflicted wes with forrane Foes :
And thow, too neir falls, be a fattall Stroake,
Gevne by a Gun that over-burden'd Bracke.

James III. 104. King,

*Rang the Yeer of Chrift 1460, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1790, and Rang 29 Yeers.*

A NOBLE Prince, borne doune with Ciuil
Broills,

Whill th' Earth, for greatnes of his Greefe, does grone :
Rage and Rebellion in the Bosome boills,
Of his proud Peers, to his Perdition prone :

*Holmsted. Scots
Hist. p. 278. and
to 287.*

For what Enormitie and Wrong was nought,
Bot in the woodnes of thefe Warrs wes wrought.

BASS, corrupt Counfalours, and ill Inclind,
The Noble Nature of this Prince abus'd :
Which bred to Men, (bot of Tumultous Mind)
A fitting Means, had it beene wifelie vs'd :

*Lealy lib. 8. p. 3.
3. to 330.*

For to Re-Reare, that Threatned then to fall :
Bot Rage in Reformation Rvines all.

DIS-

DISCORD, Envy, th' Intestene Suord and Fire,
Rap, Sacriledge, Imprisonments and Bands :
Was plainly Pra&iz'd in there angrie Ire,
Whill that this Prince, hes perisfde in thair hands.
Bot this is Pitie, that his Sonne wes fought,
And, bot to cloak thair bold Rebellion, brought.

Io. Iohnst. p. 56.
and 57.

James IV. 105. King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1489, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1819, and Rang 25 Yeers.*

A PRINCE, of all the most Renovn'd that Ragne,
Or euer Dominerd before his Dayes :
A matchles Mirror, Magestrats amang,
That past all Princes in this Poynt of Prais :
Ne're better Justice, had the Poor Mans Cause,
Nor neuer better Execute the Laws.

Hol. Scots Hist.
from fol. 287. to
302.

THE præappointed Providence Divine,
By Mariage Right, decreed he should acquire :
Once to the most Illustrious of his Line,
(As now appears) the Southpart of th' Impire.

Io. Iohnst. p. 57.

And yet that Band, not such a Concord breeds,
That could prevent the Sorrows that succeeds.

IN *Floddon-Feild*, betwixt the *Tweed* and *Tine*,
This Great King *JAMES* with mony Lords was loft :
Inconstant Forton be a fault of Thine,
An best of Kings, thare but compare wes croft :
Whose Maufole, must, be all the Earth and aer,
For Fame to Sing, and Circome-found him there.

James

James V. 106. King,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1514, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1844, and Rang 29 Yeers.*

A PRINCE Seveir, Juft, and exceeding Sage,
To Pleasurs proan, and yet Politique Vife,
Began his Regne in Morning of his Age,
When all his Lands, to be lamented, lyes :
Bathed in Blood, all fpringing from deſpyte,
And ſtrong Contending Fa&ions of the Greate.

Hol. Scots Hist.
from the 302 p.
to 330.

WITH Storms of State, diſtempred ſtill, and toſſ't,
He made his Knoledge and his Courage knowne :
With Muteneis, and with Commotions moſt,
Of Stats-men ſtrong, ſtifnecked of his owne :

Io. Iohnet. p. 58.

Yet be his Juſtice ſingular Sevear,
He Chaſtiz'd ſome, and ſome Reform'd, for Feare.
BOT never could, (tho many tims he try'd,)
Deleit, the long Diſlikings of his Lords :
Of whom the Cheefe, what he deſir'd, deny'd,
And from thair bund Obedience debords :
So in this worthie, thair vn-wiſe Envye,
Made him in Merror, and in dolor Dye.

Queene Marie,

*Rang the Yeer of Christ 1543, fra the begining of the
Kingdome 1873, and Rang 16 Yeers.*

A PRINCES Borne, a Prince-his only Heir,
A Prince-his Spous, a Parent of a Prince :
A Princes Great, with Royall Guiſts and Rare,
Non better Borne, nor ſene more hopefull ſince :

Gif

Gif to her Guifts, and greater Hop's had bene,
 Her Fate, and Fortons, Fortunate in Fine.
 HER Life, but Jarrs, her Daeth begat her Joyes,
 The Coyners of her Cares, her Croffes cur'd :
 Short Suffring foone, annulled her annoyes,
 And to be Crovnd, and Re-inthron'd affurd :
 From Earth to Heaw'ne, from Prifon to Repofe,
 To fpire in Paradife, up fprang this Rofe.
 IT helped not, to be a Prince Supreame,
 Her Hops, tho hudge, without effe&ting faild :
 Noght cared wes, to mony Crouns her Clame,
 Prevaricat Opinions prewaild :
 Vn-Truths, ill Try'd, a Forme deform'd did find,
 True Maieftie, to marre and vndermind.

Io. Leaily lib.
 Scot. Hist.

Hol. Scot. Hist.
 from the 330 p.
 to the 339.

Io. Iohnst. Scot.
 p. 58. & 59.

James VI. 107. King,

*Rangs, and has begane his Rang in Scotland, the Yeer 1567.
 and over all Britan, &c. the Yeer 1603. now with all Reign-
 ing this Year 1625.*

mires,

WISE matchles Monarch whome the World ad-
 And God aboue hes Beavtesied and Bleft,
 With Plentifull, and full of Pow'r Impires,
 Paft Reafons reatche, (and yet thy Right) with Reft :
 Increfs thy Crouns, and with thy Courage clame,
 Prophaned *Judas*, and *Jerusalem*.

Hol. Scot. Hist.
 from the 398 p.
 to the end of the
 Historie.

Io. Iohnst. p. 59.

BRING that to pafs, that Pietie expects,
 Rife and Erotte the Errors of the Eaft :
 The force of Faeth, from greater Facts effects,
 Nor beat doune *Babell* and debell the Beast :
 That with her Errors all the Earth enchannts,
 That foukis the Blood that fnares and flayes
 the Sancts, AND

The Theatre of, &c.

AND since you haue all Happines from Heaven,
 Good Gracious King, a great and glorious Sage :
 In Earth all Greatnes, and all Graces gevne,
 Give us againe a Good and Golden Age :
 And mack us by the Greatnes of thy Grace,
 Thy Loyal Lieges Parteners of thy Peace.

Henrie Frederick,
 Installed *Prince of Wales, &c.*

Born in the Castell of Sterling the 19. of February 1593, an Heroick Prince, departed in London at St. James, 6. Nov. 1612.

THE Grace, Delight, and Glorie of this Age,
 The Hope of all, the haut' and hardie Youth :
 The Atlas of the Old, Sheeld of the Sage,
 The vnpeerd Prince, in Guifts, in Grace, in Grouth :
 The Excellencie in Earth, of Earthly Things,
 And Quintescence of mony hundred Kings.
 THE Church her Cheeftan, and Republicts Treasur,
 The Godleis Glaidnes erft, and now thair Greef :
 His Princelie Parents, and the Peoples Pleasure,
 Thrie Kingdomes Care, and thair Contentment cheef :
 The first borne Bleffing of the best King *James*,
 Whose Worth the World, with *Britans* Kingdoms
 Fames,

MORE truly *Tytus*, nor *Vespations* Heire,
 More nor that Wittie *Greek Vliffes* Wife :
 More nor *Hyppolit* Chaift, nor *Paris* faire,
 And stout like *Hector*, heir Prince *Henrie* lyes.
Scotlands Health, *Englands* Hope, *Europs* Mirror,
 The *Popish*, *Spanish*, and the *Turkish* Terror.

F I N I S.



POEMS

BY

JOHN LUNDIE,

PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

EDINBURGH.—MDCCCXLV.

POEMS.

An. 1635. 1 Januar.

Goodmorrour for my Neue Yeirs Gift.

To Mr. Da. Leich.¹

THE first goodmorrour (as ve vse to say)
Procurs the first propine on neue yeirs day.
Billie, goodmorrour, be my foul! goodmorrour.
This bygon yeir which first began thy sorou
In tymes abyffe being buried, Janus heir
Coms and proclames a fair neu joyfull yeir.
Hence, therfor, al thy melancholike paffions:
Hence, hence, thy deipest, fadeft cogitations.
Reserve thy self for better things, and burie
In deip oblivion vrath's consuming furie.

¹ David Leich, Regent of Aberdeen University in 1628, and Sub-Principal in 1632. In the *Funerals of Bishop Forbes*, p. 217, there occurs "*Davidis Leochæi Oratio Funebris in obitum Patricii Forbesii Episcopi Aberdonensis*," and at p. 360, in Latin verse, an epitaph—"*Allegoria*,"—in which he compares the Bishop to Palinurus, and the College to a ship. Query, Is he the same person to whom John Leich, in his epigrams, I. 19, addresses lines, "*Davidi Leochæo, a Mounsemille, suo, de usu rerum?*"

My Janus heir requests the never remember
 The fade disasters of a foul December.
 As for that other passion, thy supreme,
 Which in lou's books hes eternif'd thy name,
 Quench not ; but fitt it for some braver proiect,
 And for some firmer and some fairer obiet
 Salute our primare ; for my blushing muse
 To take such task vpon hir doth refuse.
 Shoe knous his will, his knoulege, iugment sage,
 Outftrip his tym—anticipat his age.
 Thairfor sho's forc'd for to imploy some other :
 And quho's so meit as youe, his frind, hir brother.
 The first goodmorroue, as ve vse to say,
 Procurs the first propine on neue yeirs day.

The Principal re-saluts with his Propine.

IN lieu of guerdon, loue a gratefull mind,
 And by this token poor pure loue esteime.
 Lou's prospect maks a myte a montane feim.
 Look throch it, and O quhat a store you'l find.
 If madeft malice hade not clipt my vings
 I'd long ere noue done due and gryter things.

The Author returns the Principale thanks.

Lo ! heir my Muse befor yovr altar stands
 Presenting thanks vnto yovr sacred hands.
 Your countenance, Sir, or yoor gracious smill
 Could recompenced had hir rustike styll,

That it vold pleis yove vith yovr learned lines
T' impart the pleges of true lou's propins ;
Yovr loue, yovr lou's effects I never wanted,
But vith yovr lin's my muse vas not acquainted.
Oft tyms youe haue in gryt magnificens
Enrich'd hir vith yovr pourful eloquence ;
Oft tyms in Stagirit's fair meads yove fedd hir ;
Oft tyms throch Ramus' Cyclads haue youe ledd hir ;
Oft tyms vith Atlas youe haue made hir beir
Th' vnveering vaicht of the first moving sphear :
And vith Endymion on his Latinian bray's,
To passe the nicht in cheft Diana's play's ;
Yea, by yovr pour oft tyms I fein hir make
The rouling rounds of heavens vast globe to shake ;
And by your cuning in hir practise nimble,
Shoe can make all this louter round to trimble.
Thes shoe could doe befor, but noue yovr measurs
Acquaint hir vith the sveit Vrania's pleasurs.
Roks fein to haue ears, and floods their furie stoping,
Stand fix'd as voods quhil voods and meads go hoping ;
Yea, noue the heavens rapt vith thy sveiteft tonge,
Liftning leaue of their Pythagorean song,
Sooner shall boistrous Boreas shake his ving
From Niger's lake and moistie Auster spring,
From Scotland's frostie Hebrid's, then thy fame
Shall parish, or oblivion rase thy name.

In spyt of malice (which thy fame vold bound)

• Thy temples still vith laurels shall be cround.

A Reply to Mr. Da. Leich S. his lynes.

QUHENCE floue thy streams ? I'm fure from Phous fontane,
And from the tuo tops of the Aonian montane.
Thy happie vain in lou's sveit fubie&t yeilds,
Such floods overflowing the Bœotian feilds,
That fenns and plains overfpred vith rivers be,
Yea Parnaffe feims a valey vnto me.
No marvell. Scarce yet borne, thy cradle preft
Sveit Philomels to couch their tender neft.
Vithin thy mouth the bees to build did ftriue,
And arch the chambers of their hony-hyue ;
And sveit Vrania in hir arms infolding
Thy tender bodie, fmylingly beholding
Hir father's darling vith a world of kifles,
Into thy foul fhoe brath'd a thusand bliffes.
Then roking the but foftlie quhil fhoe brings
Hir babe afleip this sveit baloue fhoe fings :
Milk be thy drink, and hony be thy food,
And al things that can doe men's bodie good ;
In als gryt plentie may thy foul poffeffe them,
In als gryt plentie as Apollo hes them.
That quhen thou grous at laft and foars and fprings,
Not with Icarian but Dedalian vings,
Al that in lou's sveit fubie&t loue to fing,
May to thyn altar henceforth ofrings bring.

No mervall then, if thus thy heavenly measurs,
 Rapt human souls with mor then human pleasurs,
 Much lyk Meander or much lyk our Po.
 Heir straich they runne, and their they turning go,
 Glade to go on, more glaid to turne and wynd them,
 Glaid of neue fichts, more glade of thos behind them :
 As if they vere affected with desyr,
 And brunt with Beutie's much beuiching fyre.
 Peneus, I grant, and old Apidanus,
 Eas, Enipeus, and swift Inachus,
 Having their souls rapt throch their cristal ey's,
 Did fundrie tymes their Naiads idolize.
 But heir's no obiect which may moue thy streams,
 To stay or veip or strain forth forouing theams.
 Therfor go on and look no more behind the,
 Or tell me quhy thoue lous to turne and wynd the.
 If thoue be feik my muse shall come and eas the ;
 If thoue be quhole vith lynes shoe vous to pleis the :
 And if it chanch hir self in such casse be,
 Shoe sveirs to feik non other Leich but the.

*On Neu Yeirs day I gaue ane Dictionar of 400 Languages to
 M. Al. Gardyn, vith this Inscription.*

Vnto the father of the Muses songs,
 I giue this treasure of four hundredth tongs,
 A rare propyne, farr rairer he that gaue it,
 But thryse more rair is he quho nou must haue it.

M. Al. Gardyne rephys.

Amphyon-lyk that pinns Apollo's harp,
 And theron fynlie friddins flatt and sharpe,
 And thoue ane other Delius in our dayes,
 Rich in conceptions rair receave this prais,
 That vith thy Polyglot to me thoue gaue,
 It vas thyn oven, and thoue thyn oven shall haue.

Ane other to M. D. L.¹ S.

THE glyding currant of th' affections go,
 Much lyk Meander turning to and fro,
 Quhen in his pryd throch Lydian feilds he flees,
 To pay his tribut to his father's seas;
 The loftie flood proud of his pourfull train,
 He turns his courser from the main again,
 And stands overcharged vith a world of joy,
 To veiue the grandour of his grand convoy.
 Much lyk our Po, quhose course runs straicht and plain,
 From Pallas' mount t' Apollo's bouns again,
 Seing no obiekt all along the vay,
 Of vorth to mak his Princelie troupes to stay,
 Holds straicht his course, and scorns to look behind him,
 Or to our contrey suains to turne and vynd him,
 But quhen Apollo's police he espy's,
 He turns his cotch, and al his troupes he stays.

¹ Leich, *ut supra*.

Sometyms he stands, sometyms his merch advances,
From bank to bank he capers, cuts, and dances,
And scarce beleving such things their to be,
Which both he heirs, and vith his eys doth see,
He stands amazed, vandrung to and fro,
Stagring throch joy a much inebriat Po ;
And if that nature forc'd him not remoue,
Doubtles his streams should dry at lenthe throch loue,
For quhen in end he mounts his coach of bleue,
He crys tenn thusand—thusand tymes adeue.
Look on my floods, Deir Leich, and thou shall see
The liulie portrait of Leich constancie ;
They in their turning haue a braver proiect,
Leich loue is mor, tho not so rair his obiect ;
They scorne to turne them to a sylvan Dryade,
Leich in lou's church doth idolize a Naiad :
Naiad, Oread, or quhat euer shee be,
Leich in his loue respecteth non but shee.
They loue no quher but quher th'ar lou'd. A fvain
Leich loues, and yet Leich is not lou'd again.
This constancie, Deir Leich, I can not loue it,
Yea, all the Muses iointlie disaproue it,
And vish the al to re-advance thy fame,
No more to loue, or loue some rairer dame.
The fend the an heir then the Phenix rarer,
Vyfer then Pallas, then the ivorie fairer,
Cleirer then cristall, quhiter then the snoue,
Constant in loue mor then the turtle doue ;

Shoe is not Helene, nor Hermione,
 Creffid, Creusa, nor Penelope,
 She is not Leda, nor Laodomia,
 She is the Muses fairest Vdemia.

*Vrania, in the name of al the Muses, hir Veilcome to Sir Paul
 Menzies of Kinmundj, Provest of Aberdein, quho, being
 depofed at Michelmes, in the begining 1634 of winter, was
 in the begining of the neue yeir again, a litle befor the
 fpring 1635, be his Maiefties fpecial direction, with gryt
 folemnitie re-advanced to his former dignitie.¹*

VEILCOME! (my Lord, doe not my Mufe difdain,)
 Veilcome braue conful to yovr chaire again.
 The heavens me thocht their influence vithdreue,
 And for yovr abfence difcontentment fheue ;
 The bright Apollo turn'd his face away,
 Lenthned our nicht, and shortned much our day ;
 His fhort abode, his fswift and feirce careir,
 Vitnef'd his vrath againft our hemifphear ;

¹ In 1633, when Charles I. visited Scotland to hold a Parliament, and undergo the ceremony of coronation, Paul Menzies of Kynmundie, then Provost of Aberdeen, was, with Patrick Leslie, one of the bailies, delegated to represent the town in Parliament and at the coronation. Upon being presented to his Majesty, the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. The accoutrements of the Provost's charger at the enthronement amounted in value to £201, 14s. 4d., and are still preserved in the town's armoury. *Kennedy's Annals of Aberdeen*, I. 138. Sir Paul's portrait, by Jameson, is in Marischal College.

Th' Eolian skouts ranne throch the welkin roring,
Al drunk with tears yovr absence much deploring.
The earth which vas tapestried late befor,
Vith al th' embroiderings Vesta hes in store,
Did hing hir head, vith soroue fore dismayed,
Much lyk to on in murning veid arayed.
The vatrie king from tears could not refrain,
The roks re-echo'd bake his grons again.
Al ages, sexes, all estats verr sorie,
To see ambition preisse t'eclipse thy glorie,
To see thy chair they more then much lamented,
By any other then thy felf frequented ;
Heaven's vinged herolds verr no lesse offended,
(As shous th' event) and vou'd er long t'amend it.
All things apeir'd, loue bended on thair kne,
Vishing with tears a change in policie.
But quhen at last heavens granted their desyr,
Throch ioy vnfain'd their harts verr sett on fire,
The heaven carering vith his glorious tapers,
About his pols he dances, cuts, and capers ;
Heaven's bricht Apollo turning him again
Towards our tropike driv's his cotch amain,
His smyling countenance augments our day,
Maks nicht decreffe, and darknesse flee away ;
Eol's licht horfmen danse along the air,
Spring's harbingers, which maks the heavens fair,
They thunder not lyk lyons as befor,
They sing, they quhiffle gentlie, and no more.

Vesta begins to smyll, to sport, to sing,
Velcoms the cuming of the tender spring,
And vouts er long hir colours to display,
Throch feilds and touns befor the lustie May ;
Neptun no more his thundring voice advances,
But smyll's on Thetis quhil his Doris dances.
Triton's shrill trumpet no more rochlie rings,
But throch the deips a sveit tantara sings ;
The sylvan Dryads and the contray svains,
For ioy vith musike fill the voods and plains ;
Montane Oreads from their roks salut youe,
And watrie Naiads from their cav's doe gret youe ;
Both Dee and Done that nicht vith nectar stream'd,
Quhen princilie Tham's their vished joys proclam'd.
Seres glade preifts in feisting spent some day's,
And pass'd some nights in Vulcanalian play's ;
Th' Aonian troup did sing this ioyfull dittie,
Io ! reioyce, reioyce both land and citie,
Since heavens haue full' accomplish'd our desyrs,
Hence disagreing Bonacord's¹ bonefirs,
Disfarme the arms of long civill varrs ;
Hence, hence, pale horror of intestine iarrs ;
In Paul's blift tymes Janus be shutte alvays,
As he was somtymes in Augustus days.

¹ *Bon-Accord*, the motto of the city arms ; frequently employed for the town itself.

The reason quherfor I vreit and sent thes lyns to the Provest.

My Lord, votchaff my Muse a gracious smyll,
Tak not acception at hir rustike styll;
Excuse hir boldnes, for hir boldnes is
Grounded vpon some for-gone promises.
Thes tuse fyue yeirs last bygon haue brocht forth
No thing of moment or of any vorth,
Which thee hes not pen'd for posteritie,
And registrat in tymes chronologie;
Amongs the rest thes lyns strain'd from her vain,
That day yove re-obteind yovr chair again,
And cuming forth be chance to publik veue,
Of some quho did prevail with much adoe,
That to yovr Lordshipe they should be presented,
Quherby with yove my muse micht be acquainted,
I promised. So, my Lord, accept good vill,
In stead of Homer's sveit Meonian quill.

*Vpon the Ring I sent to the Provost, having his name P. M.
vpon it ingraven, and a Flour betuix the letters.*

LYKVYSE, my Lord, receiue this small propine,
Tho small in mater, yet in forme devine;
As for the mater no man much can loue it,
Yet forme the forme yovr self, yove must approue it.

Yovr Lordship lou's yovr self, and if yove doe,
 Yovr Lordship this propine muft favour too;
 Mark and confider quhat youe doe receane,
 And then yourfelf I'm fuir yovr felf fhall haue,
 Betuix the letters looke, the figure fhous youe
 That Bonacord hir faireft flour:thee oves youe;
 Then brooke as long yovr name, yovr flour, yovr ring,
 As pleifes God, and Charles our gracious king.

*To Gardyne, his Fairveile to his frinds and crafts of
 Aberdene.*

KIND comarads, kind kinfmen, all adeu,
 Fair Bonacords kind craftsmen, fairveil yove;
 My hart vith loue ou'rcharged is fett on fire,
 Vold God my tonge could anſver its defire!
 Let others vith their sveit-tong'd oratrie,
 And with the flours of fmooth-fac'd poefie,
 Enchant yovr ears, (much lyk a nurſe that charms,
 Vith ſongs the tender burding of hir armes,
 Quho maks hir child forget all maladie,
 Throch forme of hir beuiching lillabie :)
 Let ſuch, I ſay, quhom nature hes enriched,
 Vith thes hir treafurs, and their minds beuiched,
 Vith thes hir pleafurs, let them fing yovr praifes,
 Vith Maro's tonge, and Tulli's flovng phraifes.
 As for my felf, deir comarads, yove haue
 My hart, my felf, and quhat mor can youe craue.

Robbers be land, and pyratts be the sea,
Shall no ways stain with change my constancie,
Seiknes, exill, the pestilence, the sword,
And all the terrors Mavors can aford,
Can haue no force to mak me brak my voue,
Or once to think but thankfullie of yove.
Others, as fortune veill or voe bestou's,
Their kindnes, with their fortune, ebs and flou's.
Not yet advanc'd, they loue exceffiulie,
Advanc'd they ar not they verr vont to be :
Therfor, deir comarads, advifed be,
Befor yove strait youe vith necessitie,
Doe not to nicht, and vish to vndoe to morroue.
Let forgone vifdome banish after soroue.
In all effairs look Justice in the face,
Vithout respects let equitie haue place ;
In al yovr doings keip yovr conscience found,
And let no craft among the Crafts be found.
Deir camarads, I pray, tak in good part
They lynes proceeding from a loyall hart ;
A hart which hes bein, is, and ever shall be,
Press'd for the advancement of yovr libertie.
Let others vith the promise of propins,
Vith Indian smoke, and vith sveit sugred vins,
Possesse yovr harts ; yet I triumph, and shall
Throch loue vnfain'd, and kindnes to yove all,
In spyt of invy, malice, and disdain,
Gardyn shall serve the Crafts of Aberdeine.

On the Death of Mr. And. Strachine, D. of Divinitie.¹

DIVERS this defun& for his vertue loued,
 Divers for clergie, for religion manie ;
 For pietie he vas so veill approved
 Feue equallif'd him, scarce furpast him any ;
 Let others al his properties declare,
 For his defects I knoue not quhat they wair.

*On the Death of Margaret Garden, the Goodwyff off
 Lamintoune.²*

AY me, fveit Lyroe, let thy streams go dry ;
 Ay me, kind Garvake, let thy firrs groue yelloue,
 For since thy Nymph the quein of Nymphs did die,
 Thy flours doe fade, and vithered stands thy villoue.
 Thy feilds of late werr dekt so curiouflie,
 Vith al the embroiderings Vesta hade in store,

¹ Dr. Andrew Strachan, Regent in King's College, Aberdeen, in 1629 ; afterwards minister of the parish of Logie-Durno, in the Garioch ; and, latterly, Professor of Divinity in said College. He died in 1634 or 1635, having occupied the chair little longer than a year. He was the author of a Panegyricall Oration on the benefactors of King's College. Aberdeen, 1631, 4to.

² Of this "goodwife" nothing can be traced.

That flourie Ver's inameld tapistrie
Did scarce the famous Tempe so decore.
Their nature al hir curious arts displayed,
On hills, on dales, on meids, on ponds, on vallies,
Their Ægle with Hesperithusa played,
Their Zephyr fild with amber smels the allies,
Their birds frequenting still immortall bays,
And amorous myrtles tund their curious songs :
Somtymes as pleas'd they strain'd forth amorous lays,
Somtymes they veipt regrating former wrongs.
Of late thy streams did Done so beautifie,
That Dee, and Dye, Spey, Tay, and swelling Forth,
(Thoch zelous of their aven praise) praised the,
As South's envy and glorie of the North.
But nou sveit Lyroe let thy streams go dry,
Or if thou streame, let all thy streams be tears,
Since thy Nymph, the quein of Nymphs, did die,
Murning, not musike, most affects our ears.
Ægeria could hir Numa so bevail,
That al the Nymphs th' Arician grov's resorted ;
Yea cheft Diana herself could not prevail,
But shee must die, shee vould die vnconforted.
And if thou liue, liue but to veip since shee,
Quho vas the glorie of th' Ambrosian streams,
And made the once respected for to be,
By Scotland's Forth, and Ingland's roiall Thams ;
Since shee, quhom Natur deim'd hir cheifest glorie,
In gifts of bodie, fortune, and of mynd,

Is nou gon doun. Me thinks Dame Nature forie,
For all hir gifts were in this on combynd.
As for the goods of bodie, beuties thous,
Pygmalion's statue was never half so fair,
Thoch made of Ivorie, and Apelles knous
No colours with hir colours could compair :
The goods of fortun thee posselt in store,
Which, with such grace so braulie thee employed,
That if the gods had had gon noue as befor,
The gods, I'm suir, hir goodnes had enjoyed.
Hir gifts of mynd did so surpasse my brain,
Did so hir age, did so hir sex excell,
That suir I am, I should but striue in vain,
If curious I should with such maters mell.
Hir goods of mind did so their banks overfloue,
That from their proper catara&ts descended,
Rair streams of nectar which thee did bestoue,
Vncessantly on frinds quhil lyf was ended.
Therfor sveit Lyroe let thy streams go dry,
And thou kind Garvake let thy firrs groue yelloue,
For since thy Nymph, the quein of Nymphs, did die,
Thy flours doe fade, and withered stands thy villoue.



*Quanta Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, Patricio Forbese,
Episcopo Abredonensi beatissimo, Uniuersitatis Cancellario
eminentissimo, Baroni a Cothari vere generoso, Musarum
omnium Mæcenati munificentissimo, quanta (inquam)
Ecclesia Abredonana et imprimis Uniuersitas (sub nomi-
nibus Deæ et Donæ) debuerunt, ostendit.¹*

QUANTUM Augustino debet clara Hippo beato,
Tantum Forbesio Dona fororque suo.
Flumina numinibus vacua hæc sine honore fluebant,
Nomina finitimis vix bene nota fuis.

¹ Patrick Forbes of Corse, fourth "reformed" Bishop of Aberdeen. He was elected to the See, according to Keith, 24th March 1618, and died 28th March 1635, æt. 71. He was very much regretted. A volume of funeral orations and elegiac stanzas was devoted to his memory,—Aberdeen, 1635, 4to, (about to be reprinted by the Spottiswoode Society),—and the Magistrates of Aberdeen did honour to his obsequies in the somewhat unecclesiastical manner described in the following extract from the Council Register of that city :—

"Octavo die Mensis Aprilis, 1635.

"The quhilk day the Provest, Baillies, and Counsall ordainis the tounes haill tuelf peice of ordinance to be shot the morne, at the buriall of umqⁿ Patrick, late Bishop of Aberdeine, in testimonie of thair affectioun and deservit respect to him ; thair of thrie peice to be shot at the lifting of the corps out of the chapell in the Castelhill, and the other nyne to be shot howsone the buriall passes by the tounes merche at the Spitillhill, and thairefter the said haill ordinance to be chairgit and shot of new againe, at the interring of the corps ; and the haill bellis to be tollit during that ilk tyme ; lyke as they appoint Walter Robertsons, dean of gild, to caus mak in redines the said ordinance to the effect foirsaid, and what he deburses thairupon sal be allowit to him in his comptis."
—*Council Register of Aberdeen*, Vol. LII. p. 203.

Capripedes tantum Satyri Faunique colebant,
Monstraque Pierio pernicioſa choro ;
Antraque torpebant (fugeres penetralia ſomni),
Intus et informis ſqualor et horror erant ;
Atria deformi ſqualebant turpia muſco,
Et delubra deum, limina, clauſtra, fores ;
Unguibus et ſœdæ volucres ſœdata trahebant
Omnia, nec quenquam numina læſa movent ;
Sacraque portabant manibus derepta deorum,
Nec quidquid quod non præda petita fuit,
Harpyiſque avidis venduntur tecta domuſque :
Barbara turba dedit, barbara turba tulit.
Mantua (væ miſeræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!)
Mira fuit calidis præda paranda lupis.
Barbarus has ſegetes, hæc non ſua rura colebat,
Quem non ulla ſacri ſacra movere fori :
Mantua, non penduntur, dum tu in vota vocaſti
Barbara fraxineos fictitiuſque deos,
Quos lapis aut lignum, quos ſtamina, gutta miniſtrat,
Vertat in orbiculis quæque puella ſuis.
Naiades interea tacite ſua fata dolebant,
Uſque per indignas imbre cadente genas.
Reſpexit Deus, et famulos miſeratus egenos,
Miſit opem miſeris, Forbeſiumque dedit.
Dum venit, extemplo redeunt Saturnia regna,
Phœbus et Aonii turba novena chori :
Dum venit, huc remeant pariterque arteſque decuſque,
Et decus inculti et gloria prima ſoli :

Torpor abit, fugiunt somni ; vigilantia, virtus,
Et labor et pietas regia tecta tenent.
Thure calent aræ passim, vigilesque ministri
Ante aras Domino carmina læta canunt.
Harpyiæ in Strophades fugiunt foedæque volucres,
Et reduces Musæ quod rapuere ferunt.
Hæc pedibus plaudit, digitis hæc tympana pulsat,
Tertia Bistoniam verberat arte chelyn,
Hæc canit errantem lunam Phœbique labores,
Illa falem, incertum monstrat et illa solum,
Hæc decorata comas incedit fronde salicæ,
Et niveo pictam firmate verrit humum,
Rupibus hærentes varios legit illa colores,
Digerit et lectos quot dea Chloris habet.
Prisca renascuntur, remeant felicia secla,
Et meliora equidem, si meliora forent.
Sed dum Forbesius magna hæc sua dona coronat,
Mors vetat, extensam detinuitque manum.
Hinc Dea lugubri tundit sua littora planctu,
Donaque cæruleas fletibus auget aquas,
Utraque et in parvo tandem lapidesceret alveo,
Tu, Cotharile, tuum ni sequerere patrem.

FINIS.

*Sacrat to the Immortall Memorie of ane Reverend Father in
God, Patrik Forbes, be the mercie of God Bishope of
Aberdein, Chanclair of the Vniuerfitie, Laird of Corffe.*

LYK as in May the wanton shepherdling,
Pulling the painted beuties of the spring,
Doubts vith hirselt quhither to mak hir choice,
The pansay, lillie, violet, or rose,
The yellou, red, the purple, grein, the bleu,
Or thusand thusands of some other heu ;
Even so my Muse, quhil as hirselt shee raises,
And bends hirselt to paint our prelats praises,
This feild such rair things offers to hir vieu,
That dumbe shee stands and bids hir task adeu.
His various vertues muster in such store,
Abundance pains hir mor than want befor.
His maiestie, his port, his court, his grace,
Did liulie portrait forth his vorth, his race,
His gryt grandfathers in our civill warrs,
Werr formeft, formeft eik in setling jarrs,
Himselt in both did beutifie his clame,
Formeft in pece, in warr a valiant man.
His loue to Leirning, his delicht in Arts,
Quickned the vigour of his naturall parts ;
Both humane things and heavnly things he kneu,
Al things werr patent to his foul hir veue.

Lyk as ane other prelate said of late,
He kneu not quhat it could be to forgett,
Even so from him was hidde no thing at all,
Betuix the moving and th' vnmoving ball.
This knoulege of all things created, maid him
To loue their Maker so (quho so hade lou'd him,)
That ravish'd with his loue he preac'd his name,
To his oven servands much lyk Abraham,
Not lyk thes barons quha's commoditie,
Maks vp their oven, their servands pietie.
They sheir their floks, they flay them, but to feid them
They scorne, they cair not hou their pastors leid them.
His hous a college was of pietie,
A compend of ane Vniverfitie.
Hence sprang that spark (which noue succids his fyre,)
The brichtest lamp vithin our Scots impyre.
Thes natural pours, this knoulege, pietie,
Made king and church her futors both to be.
The king, the church, admiring both his fame,
The king his counsel crav'd, the church the same,
Thus he quho reuld his oven hous so of late,
Did reul his Lord's in the cathedrall feat ;
And quho of late gaue counsel in small things,
Became the counsels counsell licht of kings.
The absence of this shining licht hath made,
Al faithfull vorkmen in Chrif's winyard sadde,
And maks them al vith watrie ey's to pray,
That such a licht dispel their clouds away.

The absence of this licht (as on reported,
 A faithfull man quho then in court resorted,)
 Did move our Sovereigne so that oft he said,
 I knou no vorthie vorthie to succeid.
 Throch absence of this shyning licht ve see,
 The ecclipsis of our Vniverfitie,
 Hir sun's gon down, and darkned is hir day,
 Cum Phosphor, cum, and driue this nicht away.
 Thus shortly vith my wanton shepherdling,
 I pulled haue some beuties of the spring;
 But quhil I look vpon the ground alon,
 Pulling this hour, me thinks I pulled non,
 The feild's replenish'd as it vas befor,
 The fragrant odours vax ay mor and more.

FINIS.

*Vpon the ficht of Elisabeth Gordon's hous, and of hirself being
 a Vidoue¹, to satisfie the companie extempore.*

VITHIN this palice full of pleasure,
 Quher nature hath, and art hir treasure,

¹ I cannot discover who this fair widow was. The "Dubartasse," commemorated as given to her in the subsequent lines, was the "Divine Weekes and Workes" of Du Bartas, translated by Josuah Sylvester, a work most famous in its day; which formerly ran through many editions, and is now undeservedly neglected.

If on fveit loue werr fund to play,
 Of all the gods non werr away.
 And if eich god should play his part,
 Non could expresse the Mistres hart.

FINIS.

Vpon the Dubartaffe I gaue to Elif. Gordone.

MISTRES, receaue the rairest peice,
 That martiall Rome, or glorious Greice,
 That France or Britane could send forth,
 To found their prais from south to north ;
 And yet he's rarer farr that gaue it,
 And yet she's rairest that must haue it ;
 The gift, the giver, ioin'd vith the,
 I'm fuir mak vp the rairest three.

FINIS.

In Pseudolum quendam, qui, dum vixit, Bilbo dicebatur.¹

UT Venus, enervet vires si copia Bacchi,
 Bilbo vel infirmus vel male sanus erit.

¹ Among the "sindrie delectabill discourses undernamit" by Robert Charteris, at the end of his edition of "Philotus," (Edin. 1603, 4to, reprinted for the Bannatyne Club, with a preface by Dr. Irving, in 1835,) are "The

Hætenus hic vixit semper moriturus, et æger
 Dicitur, ut morbum diluat usque mero.
 Dum vigilat, dubitat, culpatque, litatque Lyæo :
 Bilbo, tibi a populo grata corona datur.
 Sæpe vel invitis, vel Momo iudice, palmam
 Hostibus obtinuit, pignora sæpe tulit ;
 Blanda domi sed dum celebrat miser otia, inertem
 Hic videas tetricum semibovemque virum.
 Nunc scapulas scalpit, nunc et coxendice læsus
 Claudicat, et querulos ruminat ore sonos ;
 Nunc rigidus labiis in morem sibilat anguis,
 Nunc falsa in focios crimina spargit ovans.
 Rîsus abest, animusque simul, lususque jocique,
 Viscera ni multo plena fuere mero.
 Ut fortem simulet, tumidas nunc fervet in iras,
 Utque pium, lachrymas flet, crocodile, tuas.
 Pars putat esse hominem, sed vilem maxima credit
 Dæmona, non hominem ; pars putat esse deum.
 Quære igitur quid fit ; quid non fit, dicere promptum est ;
 Credo tamen quid fit, dicere nemo potest.
 Non erit ille deus, nisi fit redivivus Iacchus :
 Vera fides sequitur certa que dicta deum.
 Hic jurare timet nunquam, nec fallere numen,
 Novimus et verba et facta carere fide.

Preistis of Pebles, with merie Tailles, the Freiris of Berwick, and Bilbo." Of this latter pleasantry no copy exists ; it has probably been an English or Scottish poem on the same subject as in these Latin verses.

Sive fides iustum, faciant seu facta timendum,
Ne Bilbo in Stygia iustificetur aqua.
Quære igitur quid fit ; quid non fit, dicere promptum est ;
Credo tamen quid fit, dicere nemo potest.
Non mihi dæmon erit, quamvis fit falsus uterque ;
Hic fruit infidias, fallit at ille palam.
Quære igitur quid fit ; quid non fit, dicere promptum est ;
Credo tamen quid fit, dicere nemo potest.
Non homo, crede mihi, est ; homini lux alma laborem
Procreat, atque homini grata ministrat opus :
Bilbo sed in tenebris vitam traducit inertem,
Et lucem et lucis dulce perosus opus.
Luce dolet simulans morbum, loca nocte pererrat,
Sacra colit noctu Bacchica, luce latet.
Strix, scops, nycticorax, hystrix, comitantur euntem,
Turbaque terribilis cætera, noctis aves.
Nec mas nec mulier Bilbo est, dicatur utrumque ;
Quicquid erit, dubium vindicat ille genus.
Quære igitur quid fit ; quid non fit, dicere promptum est ;
Credo tamen quid fit, dicere nemo potest.
Bilbo est.

*To Mr. Alexr. Garden vpon the sicht of his Lebeius
Emblems.¹*

GARDEN, thy vorks for vorth, varietie,
Wnto my ring may veil compared be ;
It's mater points their vorth in gold, its forme
Their rair perfectione sheus that nou's enorme ;
It's colours grein, reid, yalloue, quhyt, and bleue,
Their various habits sheue, and variant heue,
It's fyrie sparks which all do beutifie,
Thes prettie emblems point yove sent to me,
Thes sheue thy vorks, but think on al I can,
Can not expresse the beuties of the man.

FINIS

*On the deplored Death of Christine Garden, dochter to Al.
Garden of Banchrie, and somtymes spous to Jhone Forbes.*

LYK as Apelles Venus could not be
By any other than Apelles draven,
For being of fuch rair excellencie,
Paint as they list, they could not paint hir oven,

¹ Query, a translation by Garden of the Emblems of *Lebeus-Batillius*, Francoforti, 1596, 4to ?

Even so this vorthie woman full of grace,
 In all true verteu so hir sex excel'd,
 That till shee finished her short Cristiane race,
 Vnequalliz'd shee liu'd vnparaleil'd.
 Never Garden yet hath bein vith Springs sveit pleasurs,
 Tapestred as this Garden vith hir graces.
 Nature in hir and Grace eich plac'd their treasurs,
 And eich contested for the cheifest places.
 Vnpartiall fame hath pourfullie proclam'd,
 And void of self conceit hath foundlie shouen,
 The vorth of women that ar Gardens nam'd,
 Beyond all others quho haue Hymen knovne.
 But shee (as Cynthia quhen the sunne goes doune,
 Decor's the minor beuties of the nicht,)
 Did beutifie hir sex, and name renoune,
 Peircing all harts vith rapturs of delicht :
 But if I should descriue hir to my vill,
 I should I'm fuir transcend Apelles skill.

FINIS.

*Conatus seu potius Impetus paternæ pietatis et amoris (dum
 filioli sui Jo. Lundii inexpectatum et immaturum
 Obitum pluribus deflere voluit) lachrymis impeditus et re-
 tardatus.*

PARVE puer, patri nimium dilecte, valetō ;
 Cura tuæ matris maxima, parvus abis.

Os humerosque tuis similis majoribus, annis
 Diffimilis; bimulum mors inopina tulit;
 Vix bimulus teneræ vixisti gloria turbæ
 Donaciæ, et proavis, parvule, dignus eras;
 Linguaque vix blandam formarat, blandule, matrem:
 Quantus eras animo, corpore quantus eras!
 Si quid amor poterit, si quid mea Musa valebit,
 Forte legent lachrymas secla futura meas.
 Interea supereſt nec vox, nec verba superſunt,
 Dum jacet ante oculos charta parata meos.
 Quod ſcribam ignoro (at norunt pia turba poetæ,)
 Cum vix ſuſtineam dicere voce, Vale.

Addenda Epistolæ.

ACCIPE quæ ſacræ mittunt tibi ſacra Camcænæ,
 Accipe quæ ſacri præſes Apollo chori.
 Dona ferunt manibus, nam ſunt ſua dona Camcænæ,
 Parva licet, magnis dona petenda deis.
 Illa legit calthas, huic ſunt violaria curæ,
 Illa papaveream ſubſecat ungue comam.

*In Obitum lectiſſimæ et ornaſiſſimæ ſceminæ Eliſabethæ Gardine,
 quondam conjugis honeſtiſſimi viri Al. Morifone a Bog-
 nore, uxoris meæ ſororis dilectiſſimæ.*

DICITE, quæ colitis Formanni culmina nymphæ,
 Cur tacet, et mutam ſpernit Eliſa lyram,

Quæ modo Freniatricas inter celeberrima nymphas
Unica virginibus lausque decusque fuit.
Num triplices vitæ secuerunt fila sorores,
Fila gravis fati vix violanda manu ?
Cur ita labuntur, mutantur tempora, Parca ?
Quod ver' est aliis cur tibi messis erat ?
Urticam in feram producunt fata senectam,
Carduus hibernas non cadit ante nives ;
Lilia, narcissos, violasque, rosasque rubentes
Vere novo videas vivere, vere mori.
Perlegat historias qui vult, volvatque profanas,
Quasve dedit priscus, vel novus orbis habet ;
Inveniet paucas quæ non famulentur Elisæ,
Ponderat hic dotes, seu numerare juvat.
Roma licet, varias memoret laudetque puellas,
Nulla tamen meritis certat, Elisa, tuis.
Seu pietas laudi est, seu rara modestia vultus,
Castave legitimi sollicitudo tori,
Sive Charis, quæ sola deas supereminet omnes,
Largaque munifica munera sparsa manu,
Sive externa decens spectes superaddita formæ,
Corpore seu toto blanda pudica Venus,
Seu gravitas mistique juvant gravitate lepores,
Sermo placet, seu quod verba coronat opus,
Denique quot cælum dotes charitesve ministrant,
Quot natura tenet dona benigna sinu,
In te certarunt totas exprimere vires,
Teque adeo egregiam reddere, Elisa, deam.

Non fatis est si tres fratres totidemque sorores,
 Et quinque ad tumulum pignora cara gement,
 Non fatis est viduo si vix lugubria læto
 Ingeminans, sævas increpet usque deas.
 Cum tot virtutes tumulo tumultantur in uno,
 Credibile est ipsos ingemuiffe deos.

FINIS.

On the Death of Jane Drummonde, Countesse of Suderland.¹

COME, come braue foules quho in sadde theames delicht,
 In fable Sophoclean buskins cledde,
 Quho knoue no slumber from the aproch of nicht
 Vntil Aurora ryse from Tython's bedde ;
 Come, heir's a subiect fits yovr lucvbratione,
 A subiect meit to moue the gods to passione.

A ladie beutified with all thes graces,
 Uchich Juno, Venus, or Minerva should
 Keip vp, for divins none supplie their places,
 Of mortall birth so as this ladie could,
 The mappe of vertue, and of witt the treasure,
 Earth's cheiff perfection, and heaven's cheif pleasure.

¹ Jane, only child of James, first Earl of Perth, was married to John, 13th Earl of Sutherland, 19th February 1632, and died 29th December 1637. See Drummond of Strathallan's *Genealogy of the House of Drummond*, Edinburgh, 1831, 4to, p. 303.

By birth illustrious as a glorious starre,
Quho throch the vertue of hir heavenly fires,
Begatt such vertue in our north so farre,
As Suderland was cheiff of hir desires :
For Suderlande ane arctike shee became,
Quho was antarctike both by birth and name.

For its braue Lord shee did hir natie land,
Hir noble freinds, hir father's hous, forsaike ;
Yea, nothing could hir noble mind vithstand,
Shee so delichted in hir loving maike,
That if the fates had vrg'd him first remoue,
Alceftis-lyk shee had redeim'd hir loue.

Noue death, this ladie in the pryme of age,
Hes rapt hir from this noble lord, hir loue,
And cutt the knot of their blift mariage,
Was ons so favour'd by the pouers aboue,
And left both fouth and north in greiff to duell,
Which of them lou'd hir best no tounge can tell.

If I had bein vith this braue dame acquainted,
In liuly colours I hir lyff had draven,
Quhose death by all in all parts so lamented,
Hath made hir name to be but latlie knoven ;
But tho no tramontanier touch his penne,
Hir name shall liue throch happie Hauethorndenne.¹

¹ Drummond the poet of Hawthornden.

*His parerga on the way cuming the hich way from Edinburgh,
1638, March 27.*

To D. Wil. Leslie.¹

GRAUE, learned Leslie, read thes raged lynes,
Tho baffe and no thing vorthie of thy ear,
Youe knoue yove ar the man my drachts refynes,
And maks thair mater some good forme to bear;
Read and resolve, I cam not heir to play,
Thes ar parerga fram'd vpon the way.

To Sir Archibald Douglas.²

SIR, since your noble royal dispositione
Maks others woue yovr vertue to expresse,

¹ Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, about 1630, "ane singular learned man," says Spalding, (*Hist. of Troubles*, I., p. 172,) "who could never be moved to swear and subscribe our covenant, saying he would not hurt his conscience for vorldly means." See more of him in Gordon's *History of Scots Affairs*, published by the Spalding Club, III., p. 231.

² The person thus eulogized was Sir Archibald Douglas of Whittingham, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. He resigned his seat on the bench in May 1618. In July 1621, the Scottish Parliament publicly acknowledged his "gude, trew, and faithfull service." See Brunton and Haig's *Senators*, &c.

Ah! shall my tonge, as vnder inhibitione,
 Rest filent, quho haue felt your loue no lesse?
 No, Sir! I fwear til death devore my days,
 To bend my indevors stil to found yovr prais.

To M. Anna Lyon after she hade robed me of my rode.¹

MISTRES, if loue or gryt affection can
 Giue vertue to my baren vorthlesse layes,
 Then fuir I am, and shall remain the man,
 Quho to his death shall strue to found thy prais,
 For so yovr vorth hath tyed my hart, my hand,
 They fwear to serve youe no lesse then my wand.

Vpon the ficht of the Tore Woode.²

HAILL, haill sveit groues, quher ofttyms nichted he,
 Quho vas this contry's campion of old,
 As witnesses the huge bulk of that tree,
 Quhose bosse as yet can shroud tuyce thre from cold;
 Long may youe liue, long may yovr leaues grove grein,
 Long may Diana throch yovr shades be sein!

¹ Probably the daughter of Patrick ninth Lord Glamis, and first Earl of Kinghorn, married to William, ninth Earl of Errol, died in 1637.

² Wallace's oak has long since disappeared, but portions of it are treasured up as relics "by the curious."

Vpon the ficht of Wallace Tree.

FAIR Nymph, quho sometymes feirce Diana's vrath,
For loue of Wallace changed in a tree,
For once returning from hir Carrane bath,
Veuing thy bignes thus shee changed the;
But if thy bignes had prevein'd hir passionne,
Thy bignes had subdued the Inglish natione.

But behold houe shee expands hir branches,
As houping yet gryt Wallace to embrace,
If such mind werr to our loulie venches,
Then should their men enioy a perfect pace;
Fair nympe, quhil voods thy bulk or bark contain,
Let Lundie's lyns in them groue alway grein.

To M. Al. Gardene, after he had escaped the Earne beneth the Gaskhall.

KIND Gardene, if thou hade bein at the Gaskhall,
Quhen muddie Earne did bear my barge away,
Then fuire of me thy houps hade bein but small,
The roring river thocht me so his pray;

For if thy prayrs hade not prevail'd that day,
The angrie Earne had me devored in Tay.¹

To Grampius vpon his quhyt Haires.

QUHAT maks thy head and beard apear so gray,
Old reverend Grampius? If't a frouning wyff,
Or years, or cares, or fears, or want of play,
Or actions ending in ane endleffe stryff?
Suir some, or all, for some of thes even may
Mak gyants' heads befor the tym groue gray.

To the Countesse of Hume vpon hir fisher.

It's neither herbe, nor flour, nor pond, nor place,
Which maks this daintie fisher bead his wand
Still o'er thes waters. It's some rairer face,
Which maks him thus maift lyk a stane to stand—
Shee is some Naiade or filvestrian dame,
Or els some goddeffe quho procurs the same.

¹ These lines may have reference to the great flood in the Tay and its tributary streams, which swept away the bridge of Perth in 1621.

² Query, Jane Douglas, fourth daughter of William, second Earl of Morton, and wife of James, third Earl of Home? These somewhat peculiar stanzas, like the lines to M. Anna Lyon on p. 35, oddly illustrate the piety of their reverend author.

Thryse happie ladie, quhose vnmached vorth
 Invits this fishere to frequent yovr weill,
 More happie I then al the svains of Forth,
 If vorthie thocht by youe to beir his creill,
 For quhen this boy at nicht should fall a snorting,
 I with my wand should passe the nicht in sporting.

To Master Mill the fishers maker.

BRAUE Mill, quhen I behold thy fisher's frame,
 His rair proportion, and his liuly feature,
 I am so ravish'd trulie with the fame,
 Me thinks thou hes some things beyond a creatour ;
 Deucalion-lyk thou maks hard crages and stones,
 To turne in men, in flesh, blood, nerves, and bones.

QUHEN I confider first quhat I haue beine,
 Quhat noue I am, quhat after tymes may make me,
 I pray the Lord, on quhom alone I leane,
 For Chrif my Saviour faik, not to forsaik me,
 And tho finne, satane, flesh, and vorld annoy me,
 Yet for Chrif's faik, let non of thes destroy me.

Satan is subtil, and intends t'vndoe me ;
 The vorld, a cuning vrestler, aimes the fame ;

But ah, the flesh is farr mor fearful to me,
Then al opposers in my Christiane game ;
But if my Lord shall once restrain my fears,
My soul shall trivmphe, tho my eyes shede tears.

Shoe scarce cam our Kingorne,
When shoe began to prat,
Thes Northland men I scorne—
I was not borne for that.

My mother that me buir,
My father that me gat,
Not only said, bot suear—
I was not borne for that.

Then fillie men that dots
On me, I tell you flat,
I think you simple fots—
I was not borne for that.

My mind aspyres mor hie
Then any of your rate,
I'l loue none heir I see—
I was not borne for that.

So fure in Altoune¹ now,
For me I fee no mate,
That makes me tell to you—
I was not borne for that.

Leaue of then folish men,
With loue to wex your pat,
Since I haue told you plaine—
I was not borne for that.

Ane Sonnet of the Same.

Ye folish men that wex your mynds vith loue
Of me, whoes worth does soar aboue your reach ;
Your oun destroyers ye in end will proue,
When vifdom you experience shall teach.
For if the aspiring to the hevenly place
Of Phebus bright, mad Phaeton to fall,
Shall ye escape that looks vpon my face,
Whose shining beautie dimes the planets all.
The mor ye loue, the mor vill be your losse,
Who clime too hie must catch ane fall in end,

¹ *Auld Toun*, i. e. Old Aberdeen.

Then loue disdained, ther is no greater crosse,
 So wail no mor for that thou cannot mend.
 Yet blame not me, bot curs your cruel fate,
 Sinc it vas my hap I was not borne for that.

Ane Ansuer.

Thou naughtles wretch, that lightlies fo the men,
 That in the Altoune is sojourning now,
 The words thou spak we'l turne them our agane,
 The worst of ws was never borne for you.
 Thou trusts to much vnto the vtvard sho
 Of blazing beautie, which vill soon depart,
 And wherine others ye behind do goe,
 Since therof yours is but the smallest part.
 What maks you think your self then to be such?
 Is it your birth, or yet your bages of gear?
 Our gutthers we confesse mad neuer a much,
 Nor in ther pokets did a thimbel bear,
 So of this ansuer ye must needs aloue,
 Since none of us was euer borne for you.

Ane Sonnet.

THIS alteration to, semes mor then strange,
 Without offence that ye should change your mynd,

I fee (mor then I thought) all states may change,
 Against his fate no man defence can find.
 O cruell resolutione, vnkynd dealing,
 Will ye reuward my true affectione so,
 From me my hert with louely shoues first steling,
 Now fill my soul with everlasting woe.

I loud a fatall loue onlouely fat,
 The vertuouffie fair, yet fairest dame,
 That euer was enshrind in foul's conceat,
 Or gaue a dittie to the founds of fame.

For as she was the most affected fant,
 Whoes image vas erected in my thoght,
 Sho had compassion to of my complaint,
 And to acquit my firme affectione fought.

Said natur's vonder and the world's delight,
 And tempered with encountring flames my fires,
 Then to our eares his purpose did impart,
 Not lipfick-louer lyke with vords far fought—
 His tounge vas but the agent of his heart,
 Yet culd not tell the tent part of his thought.

* * * * *
 At last I knew it was a diuine creatur,
 Croune of th' earth, excellencie of mater.
 * * * * *

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**DO NOT REMOVE
OR
MUTILATE CARD**

